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— SEE PAGE 1288

NATIONAL REVIEW

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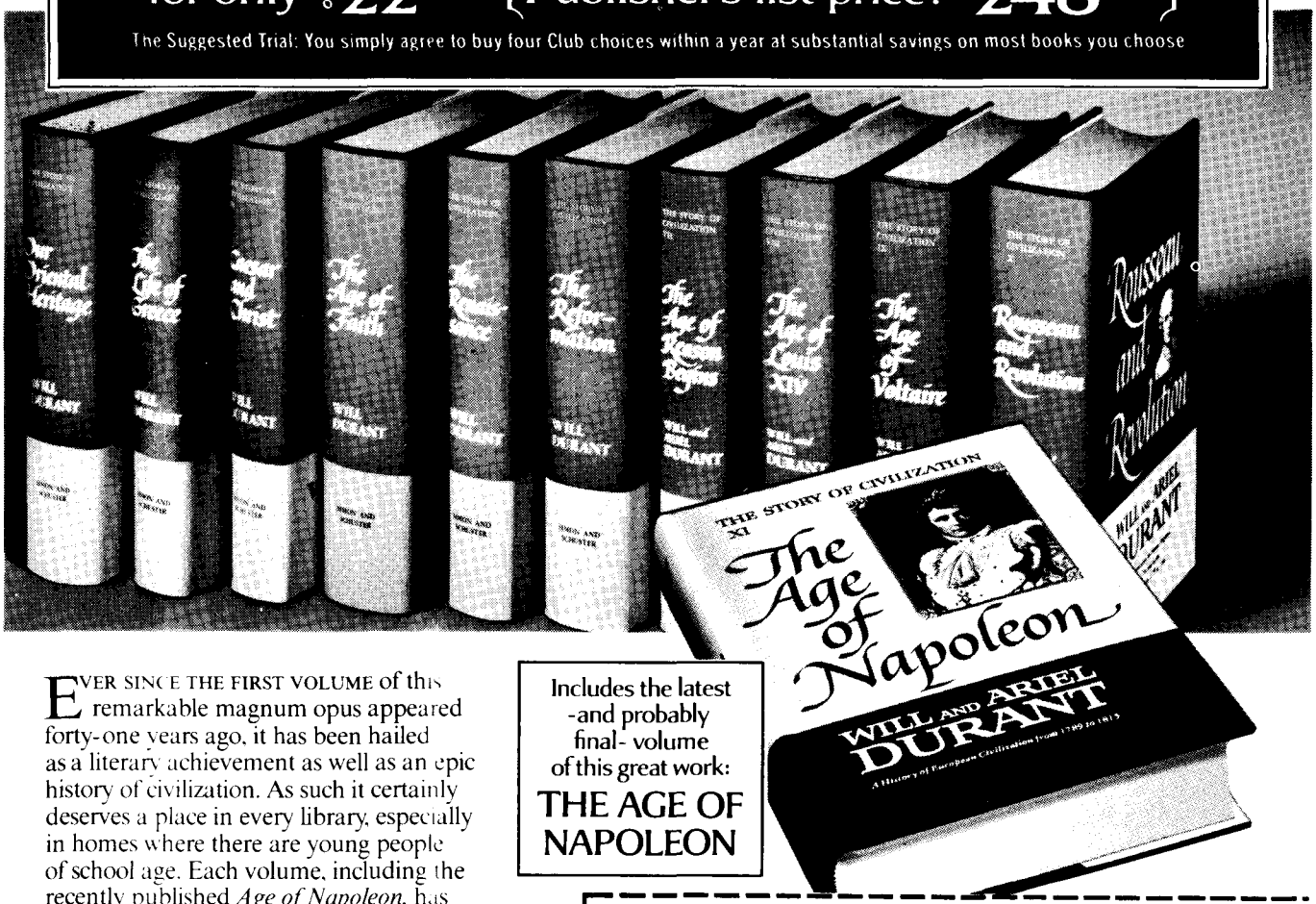

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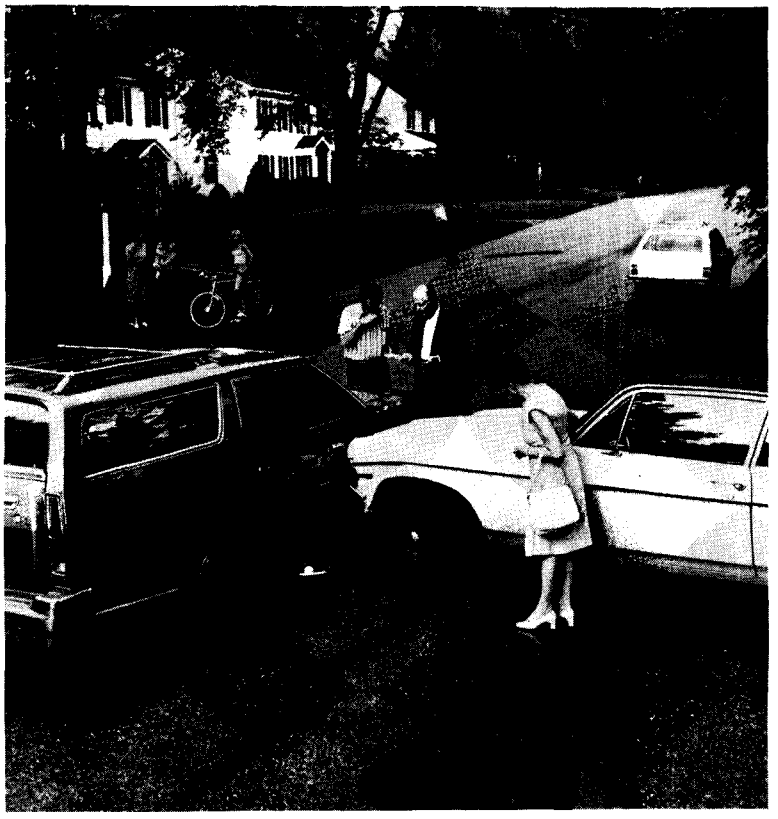

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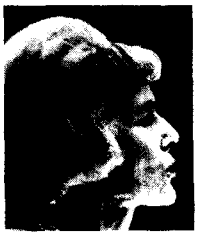

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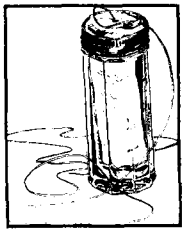

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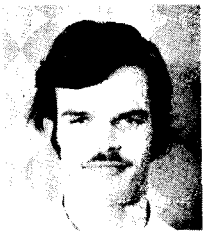

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Detente was originally supposed to be a mutual reduction of U.S.-Soviet tensions, so far as that was feasible in accordance with opposed principles and divergent interests. In practice it has turned out to mean a disguised Western capitulation. If Mr. Carter is really serious about human rights, he will have to learn to keep his eye on the ball as intently as Mr. Brezhnev does. *Clare Boothe Luce*

1294 **Their (Dis)appointed Rounds**
The P. H. Brennan Hand Delivery Service is a private postal service in Rochester. But the Federal Government doesn't like competition, so it has taken Mr. Brennan to court. Brennan acknowledges that all the precedents are against him; but he thinks the Constitution is with him. Say a little prayer, reader, for him, and for the Tenth Amendment. *Richard Brookhiser*

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Letters

Visions and Revisions

I was surprised by Paul Connolly's summary of Archibald Cox's reasoning on overweening judicial power ["The Courts *v.* Self-Government," Oct. 28]. I frankly wouldn't have thought Archibald Cox was capable of that much common sense about the respective roles of the judiciary and the legislature.

However, I do think Mr. Connolly let Mr. Cox off the hook a bit too easily on one point. That is the genesis of the current affirmative action problems. Mr. Connolly summarizes Mr. Cox's position: "Cox's contention is that a decision concerning preferential admissions is fundamentally political, not judicial. Where the constitutional principle is unclear, the people, not the courts should debate and legislate a decision." He then goes on to quote Cox directly: it would not be advisable for the Supreme Court "to deny [the state educational authorities] freedom to attempt conscious remedies for past racial discrimination by the dominant whites." What Mr. Cox—or at any rate Mr. Connolly—doesn't mention is that it wasn't the "people," or their legislators, whose idea this reverse discrimination was in the first place: it proceeded from the courts' earlier interpretations of the 14th Amendment. And one can't help wondering now whether it isn't the fact that the courts seem to be changing their minds about the validity of their earlier views that has provoked Mr. Cox's concern for the Framers' intentions.

Washington, D.C. STANLEY HILLSBOROUGH

Caught in the Winds

Lewis Lapham's essay "The Cave of the Winds" [Sept. 16] was splendid. He should be offered more often, although his work at *Harper's* must keep him busy.

Oddly enough, about a month ago I remarked to my wife, after reading *Harper's*, that several of the articles could well have been welcomed by NATIONAL REVIEW. And here he is, in person. Surprising, and most gratifying.

St. Petersburg, Fla. R. J. NEEDLES, MD

Okay, let's look over that list of English Renaissance greats that Lewis Lapham offered.

Shakespeare and Marlowe? Playwrights who, however much they despised the groundlings, gave them what they wanted: demonic possession and ships crashing on alien shores, true love and vile evil. Hacks, by our standards: i.e., men who write for a popular market.

And what about those poets? Poems about spring and love and King Arthur: ditto.

The translators of the King James Bible? There are more than a few translators running around loose nowadays, but they aren't getting much help—or notice—from the literary Establishment.

I guess that leaves Bacon. What *did* he write?

What I mean is, up until, oh, the nineteenth century, even the best writers didn't mind getting caught writing what is now "popular literature"; and so if Mr. Lapham's friend had a collection of *The World's Great Classics*, it's just possible that he prefers a simple story well told to an obscure personal memoir. Now, obscure personal memoirs can be pretty interesting sometimes, but I feel that the main problem with modern literature is not so much what sort of "stimulating ideas" are allowable, as what audience is respectable.

Allentown, Pa. DON SCHENK

Mr. Lapham's article struck a responsive chord. To write is to place oneself in the center of an intraconflicting maelstrom of hungry and insatiable tyrants: the shadowy and unending war of fashions, those unseen forces that so casually and so self-righteously make the life and death of writing their business. No wonder that so few writers are able to survive with their integrities intact.

But the times are not entirely bleak. Better to bend with these irresistible fashions, better to bend than to break. Perhaps fashions can be used, or if not used, then at least ridden. One year bad news sells; the next year good news sells and all of the bad-news discoveries are cancelled. Trends oscillate hysterically, yet thought works steadily onward, and experience accumulates steadily. No tower, no tyrant, no self-appointed prescriptor of wisdom, no critic, no institution can stand forever. Not a spiritless time. A spiritless curtain of words, perhaps: all for the benefit of the hopelessly bored lawyers and critics. Behind the curtain a true play progresses. Interesting that Mr. Lapham borrows his opening line from the two-cities tale.

Boston, Mass. CHARLES OBLER

Rumors of Other Wars

Reading his review of Philip Caputo's *A Rumor of War* [Aug. 26], I have a feeling that D. Keith Mano never served as a combat infantryman. I also get the distinct impression that his knowledge of the Vietnam War is limited to Caputo's accoun and the rather selective coverage provide by the American media.

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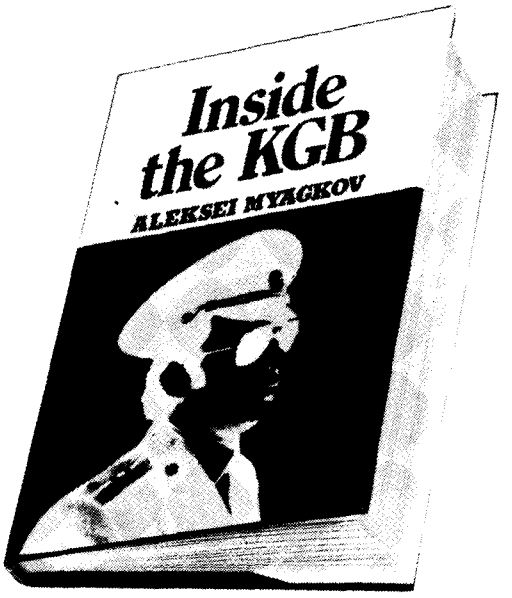
Top Soviet counterspy shows why detente is a fool's game—for us



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If he had served as a combat infantryman he would have known what Siegfried Sassoon knew when he wrote *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, what Guy Sajer wrote in *The Forgotten Soldier*, and T. R. Ferhenbach wrote in *This Kind of War*: that war *is* hell, and the infantryman's war the most hellish of the lot. He would have found that while Vietnam was hell all right, it was by no means unique, and may well have been a less horrible war than many. Caputo's accounts do not begin to compare with those offered in the 31st chapter of Numbers or the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy, to take two striking examples.

If he had served in Vietnam he would have known that while Caputo might have been factual concerning his own experiences, these experiences are not necessarily representative of the tens of thousands of other infantrymen—Army and Marine—who did their job without committing atrocities and without abusing the civilian population. My own experience in Vietnam with an infantry battalion in 1966-67 just doesn't square with Caputo's.

I think Caputo is selling the American infantryman short, and D. Keith Mano, out of sympathy for the plight of the ground soldier and understandable frustration over our ultimate betrayal of the Vietnamese people, is helping him to do it. The result of such an unwarranted lack of faith, as Mano points out, is (God help us) total reliance on nuclear weapons for our survival.

Bowie, Md. HARRY G. SUMMERS JR.

The Shroud and Its Meanings

Congratulations on the excellent article by Jeffrey Hart ["Truth and Culture," Sept. 2] on the Shroud of Turin. Mr. Hart's conclusion is an excellent, concise statement of the state of the question today: "The hypothesis that the Shroud is a fake involves far greater difficulties than the hypothesis that it is genuine."

Your readers may be interested to know that 1978 will mark the four-hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the Shroud in Turin. An International Congress will be held in Turin in May 1978. In preparation for the Congress the Holy Shroud Guild is producing a ninety-minute documentary film which will incorporate the latest studies of Dr. Max Frei of Zurich, and Drs. John Jackson and Eric Jumper of Colorado Springs and their associates at Los Alamos and the Jet Propulsion Lab at Pasadena. The film is being produced by Screenpro Films in London.

(REV.) ADAM J. OTTERBEIN, CSSR
President
Holy Shroud Guild
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

The lack of interest Mr. Jeffrey Hart is complaining about is due to the fact that the venerable Turin Shroud is so much less interesting and so much less convincing of the existence of a Superior Power than the structure of matter, the universe, the marvels of life on this planet, and His spirit which is present everywhere. In other words: Who needs the Shroud?

Alamogordo, N.M. F. G. PENZIG

Notwithstanding the claims for the Shroud of Turin, the only evidence God gives men of His truths is fourfold: 1) natural creation by Him, Romans 1:20; 2) human awareness of Him, Romans 1:19, 2:15; 3) Biblical witness to Him, II Timothy 3:16, I Corinthians 1:21, Luke 16:29-31; and 4) Christian fellowship in Him, John 13:35, 17:23—all of which coalesces into and has meaning only in terms of Biblical relevance and infallibility.

The failure to believe overwhelming evidence occurs not because "our ordinary mental habit has no place, no *use*, for the implications" (even though that is true), but because of man's innate spiritual blindness. Peter believed and knew the Lord Jesus, not by his faulty reasoning, but by God's certain revelation (Matthew 16:17). The trained natural mind alone, regardless of how brilliant, is not able to understand, nor wants to understand, eternal verities (I Corinthians 2:14).

But, take heart, Mr. Hart! God is on His throne—and all is well. "But if any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant" (I Corinthians 14:38).

Stillwater, Okla. FRANK BOYDSTUN

Mr. Penzig: Of course the universe is a marvel, but there are other explanations of its emergence than the Creation story. We need all the indications we can find about the nature of ultimate reality.

Mr. Boydstun: The human mind may be imperfect, but the question is, "Compared to what?" The human understanding is superior to that of, say, an armadillo. And it is with that "faulty" understanding, of course, that we give assent to the Scriptural passages you cite. Assent is not given with the big toe. Man is not spiritually blind. He sees as through a glass darkly. All of cultural history refutes the statement that man does not want to understand eternal verities. In every age he has hungered after them. The Shroud, it seems to me, helps that imperfect instrument, our mind, to seek them out. —JH

Points

I believe your "Bravo for Johns Hopkins University" ["The Week," Sept. 16] was prompted by a misunderstanding of the facts.

As I perceive the matter, in order for American medical schools to qualify for substantial HEW handouts, they must accept a given number of foreign-educated American medical students by transfer

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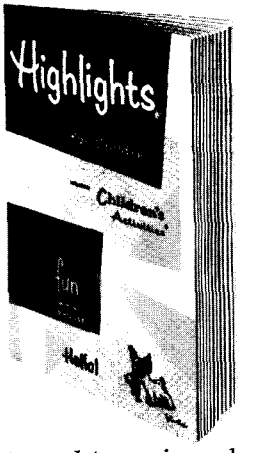

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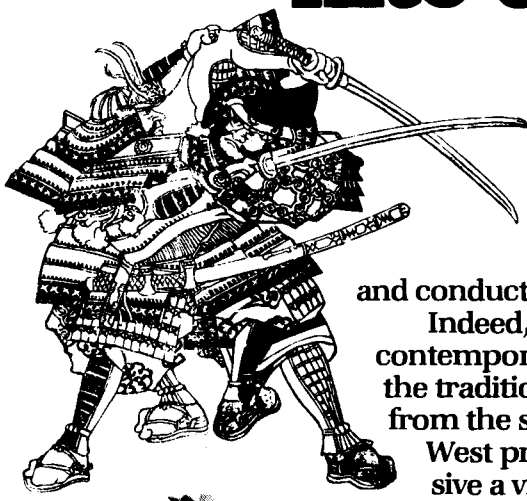
They were King Arthur, Errol Flynn, Davy Crockett, and Dillinger all rolled into one.



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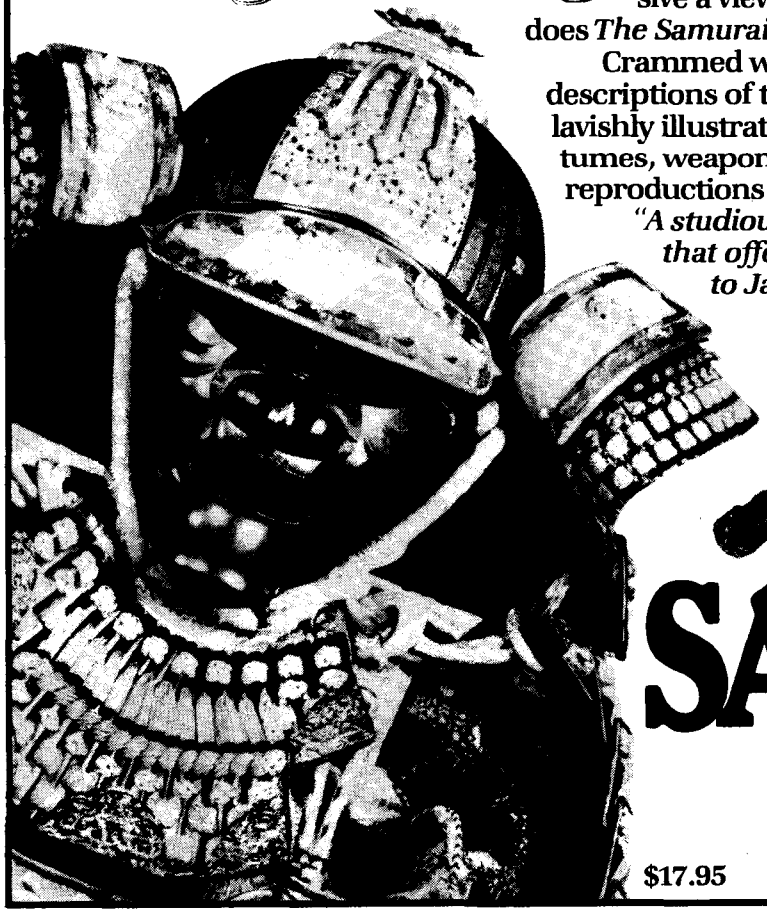

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each year (the students having first qualified by taking the same board examinations as Americans in domestic schools).

The American medical schools are resisting the transfer provision not because they would like to accept *more* transfers but because they want to accept *none*. They are tight little islands of privilege, and their self-interest requires them to preserve the status quo.

Alexandria, Va. AMES W. WILLIAMS

Columnist Cato's report of Dr. Upton's statements on *Meet the Press* [Sept. 16] is slightly skewed. Mr. Mintz, one of the panelists, inquired as to Dr. Upton's opinion of the use of heroin for terminal cancer patients. Dr. Upton's *response* was that the use of heroin should be considered or evaluated.

HAROLD C. HALVORSON, MD

Indianapolis, Ind.

William Murchison, reviewing the book *Majesty* [June 24], says that he has read somewhere that Napoleon "predicted in the near future the demise of all but five royal houses: Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, Spades, and Windsors."

Unfortunately, Napoleon died 96 years too soon to have made this prediction. The House of Windsor was inaugurated by a proclamation made by King George V on July 17, 1917.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

I have one quick question regarding "The Politics of Envy," by Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn [June 24]. Why would a prominent Brazilian bishop, Dom Pedro Casaldáliga, write a book in Spanish rather than Portuguese? Portuguese is still the language of Brazil, and Spanish and Portuguese are by no means the same.

Greencastle, Ind. KENT B. MECUM

As Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn explained (an explanation that we were forced to delete because of a shortage of space), the Bishop has written books in both languages, not just his native one. —LB

As both a long-time reader of NATIONAL REVIEW and a naval intelligence officer, I must express disappointment over "The N-Boat Standoff" by Richard L. Barkley [June 10].

The article, obviously written with good intentions, was nevertheless riddled with factual and conceptual errors. To cite only a few of these:

1. "The Barents Sea, north of Russia, is accessible only at certain times of the year." This news must have come as a shock to the Soviet submarine fleet.

2. "The ballistic-missile submarine['s] . . . relatively high speed . . . [makes] it a very difficult target to locate." On the contrary, the higher the speed of a submarine,

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Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

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Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

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We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

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One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a renditon of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be analyzed and compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to determine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

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In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

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If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section—plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

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These are only a few of the many special steps we take in the Gallo Vineyards to try to grow the finest grapes possible.

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the greater its noise level and the easier its detection.

3. "Navigational accuracy is not all that good." False. Sophisticated inertial navigation and other systems give U.S. Navy subs exceptionally reliable self-contained capability to determine position.

4. "The Soviets have few warm-water home ports, and those they have are easily surveilled." Again, the warm-water problem is of little significance to submarines. Further, the omission of at least one key strategic Soviet facility from the subsequent discussion (which facility I shall not, however, name) shows the author's knowledge of submarine deployment to be incomplete. Most importantly, Mr. Barkley seems unaware of the Soviets' 4,000-nautical-mile SS-N-8 ballistic missile and Delta Class submarine, whose capabilities seriously detract from his argument.

FPO New York G. D. WILSON
Lieutenant (jg), U.S. Naval Reserve

St. Mugg

The St. Mugg interview [by William Murchison, Sept. 16] was a beaut.

Muggeridge intimated that if he ever did enter the Catholic Church he would make a nuisance of himself.

I suppose two of the most outstanding gentlemen of intellectual integrity in the world today are Malcolm Muggeridge and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. There's a pair that no royal flush (*à la* Windsor or Kremlin) nor full house (or Senate) could ever beat. Purely a hypothesis, though, since the two incorruptibles don't play games.

What the Church and Western "civilization" need more than anything else right now are nuisances like Solzhenitsyn and Muggeridge.

Baltimore, Md. P. A. MAGNIER

Is not Muggeridge inconsistent in faulting our civilization for its "death wish" while simultaneously preaching its imminent demise? And is not his assertion that, in this extremity, "the Christian alternative is our only hope" belied by his own cheery attitude toward approaching doom? For if I read the Gospels correctly, Christ did not regard the "last days" (which He incorrectly considered as imminent) as anything but a grim prospect, and an occasion for soul-searching (or repentance, as both He and John the Baptist termed it). And although the Free World appears to have resignedly entered the Gadarene Sweepstakes, I feel that if Christ were here today He would refuse to accept Armageddon as inevitable (as Muggeridge has done) but would instead strive to His last breath to arouse the somnolent West to the inherent weaknesses that have precipitated the crisis, and to preserve as much as is salvageable of the positive features of Western civilization in its imminent confrontation with the godless Soviet Union.

Schenectady, N.Y. DEWITT S. SNELL

Ideal Love

Malachi B. Martin's "On Human Love" [Sept. 2] was very deeply touching. It says everything that needs to be said about ideal love, to which mankind aspires en route to its hoped-for destiny, Ultimate Love.

Larchmont, N.Y. ELIZABETH J. LE BLOND

The human love of which Martin speaks so eloquently is surely Out of This World, yet accessible for those who would risk it.

Loveless marriages might indeed lose their lovelessness through the continual sense of "permission" of which he speaks, and develop an intensity of human love, both physical and spiritual, between man and woman caught up in the divine plan. Once having experienced that divinely inspired cocoon of love, one wishes all to experience how sweet it is.

Ogden, Utah. DOROTHEA E. MASUR

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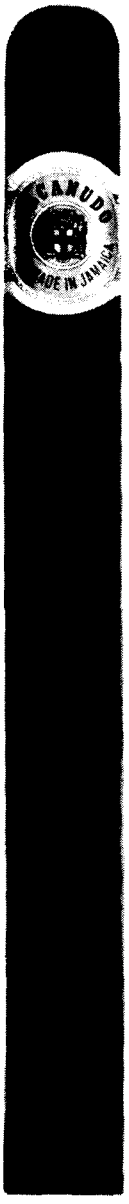

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Americans/Olympians

Thanks to your solid coverage for the past year [most recently the editorial "Waiving the Rules," Sept. 16] NATIONAL REVIEW readers should be familiar by now with the details of what will almost certainly be a huge Red propaganda effort in the 1980 Moscow Olympics. Unfortunately, concern, in and of itself, will accomplish little against the highly financed machinations of the National Broadcasting Company.

However, there is a way to manifest our feelings about an American corporation's aiding the public relations efforts of a totalitarian regime. We cannot realistically ask Americans to ban the Olympics from their living rooms. If there are sports on the tube, Americans will watch. We could, however, ask them to watch the Olympics for free, i.e., *boycott all sponsors* of the NBC effort. Viewers should realize that it's not really NBC that pays the Russians (or Lothar Bock or whomever) the millions of dollars they have contracted for. That money is paid by us, the viewers, when we buy the advertisers' razor blades, deodorants, tires, etc. We, the consumers, are subsidizing the Soviet munitions factories which are manufacturing the weapons designed to shorten our lifespans.

A program should be started *right now*, composed of bumper stickers, buttons, posters, etc., the message being: BOYCOTT THE SPONSORS OF MOSCOW. A company might not be so quick to purchase television advertising spots if it thought that it would cause a reaction *against* its product.

I'll buy the first button.

Wheaton, Md. SAMUEL R. LEWIS

Your editorial "American Answer to Totalitarian Sports" [June 24] was a clinker. Your solution is more totalitarianism. I believe there is a growing disenchantment with international athletics, particularly Olympic athletics. I predict the stink from Moscow in 1980 will be the worst yet. Here are a few of the major corruptions: 1) amphetamines, 2) anabolic steroids, 3) rotten politics (Canada's cave-in to Red China by expelling Taiwan), 4) waste (building gold-plated palaces for pampered athletes).

Perhaps it is to the advantage of the Free World that the totalitarian countries sublimate their inferiority complex through their drive in sports. Let them waste their resources.

If corporations have excess resources to devote to sports, after adequately funding their own new and replacement machinery, I think a program to promote the health and well-being of families of their employees would be a better investment for them to make than training a small group of super-athletes.

San Francisco, Calif. BRIAN J. KAVANAGH

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Credit for stunning reversal in House on the Cargo Preference Bill goes to liberal Republican **Pete McCloskey**, who spearheaded the counterattack, and conservative **Bob Bauman**, who jumped into the breach. When McCloskey failed to ask for a rollcall after House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** had announced that repeal had failed by voice vote, Bauman insisted on the rollcall which showed the bill had, in fact, been reversed by a vote of 257 to 165. . . . Also dead (at least for this session): **Carter**'s proposal for public financing of House elections. Chairman **Frank Thompson** of the House Administration Committee withdrew the bill after his Committee voted to extend the public financing to primary races too, in which form Thompson knew it would not pass the full House (what incumbent wants to help fund his primary opponent?). . . . Bad staff work is hurting Carter more than necessary with discontented supporters in Southwest. According to **Evans & Novak**, Gov. **David Boren** of Oklahoma, a big Carter booster early last year, who couldn't get a phone call answered all spring and summer, heard from Carter in person only when Carter solicited his support for the **Panama Treaty**. . . . (Latest **Gallup**—early October—shows the same 46 per cent against the Treaty, with 36 per cent in favor, a drop of 3 per cent in the approval rate from early September.)

■ Is there a boomlet in the making? **Kevin Phillips**, Sept. 16: "A harder challenge [to President Carter's renomination] could be mounted by **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** who would have the support of the Jewish lobby, the Jackson hardliners, organized labor, and the ethnic Catholics." *U.S. News*, Oct. 17: "Friends of Pat Moynihan are urging the New Yorker to run in 1980 if Carter stumbles." Evans & Novak (newsletter) Oct. 11: "The revolt of moderate-to-conservative Democrats is brewing, with possibly Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan as a standard-bearer." . . . And the Hearst papers have been predicting that the **Coalition for a Democratic Majority**, an organization of hardliners vis-à-vis the Soviet Union that Moynihan helped found, is preparing "to tackle Carter publicly."

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Sorry old chap, this is a closed shop and you were buried by non-union labor."

■ Latest on the big political races of the season: In the Virginia gubernatorial race, Republican **John Dalton** is now leading Democrat **Henry Howell** (Jimmy Carter's handpicked candidate) 44 to 39, with a big 17 per cent still undecided three weeks before V-day. . . . In New Jersey, it's now a dead heat between **Ray Bateman**, the Republican challenger who had led in the earlier polls, and Democratic Governor **Brendan Byrne** (40 per cent each, 20 per cent undecided). Bateman has had **Jerry Ford** and **Liz Taylor** campaigning for him; Byrne, President and **Mrs. Carter**. . . . **Andy Young** put his foot into it again, announcing that the city of New Orleans is "on trial" and will flunk his racism test if it fails to elect **Ernest Moria**, a black, over **Joseph DiRosa** (a w - - - e) in the mayoralty contest. . . . In New York City it's a foregone conclusion, with the **Koch-Myerson** combine far ahead of **Roy Goodman** (Republican), **Barry Farber** (Conservative), **Mario Cuomo** (Liberal).

■ Pretty interesting: French public opinion polls show that nearly half the Socialists there hope **Francois Mitterrand**'s Socialist Party will look to the Center, not the Communists, for allies in next year's parliamentary elections. . . . While other polls show French voters split 50-50 between **Giscard** and the Communist-Socialist United Front at the moment (a drop of 3 per cent for the United Front), only 26 per cent feel that the **Left** will, in fact, win the all-important March elections. . . . Finally, to the surprise of many, France's largest trade union, the pro-Communist **General Confederation of Labor**, has thus far publicly refused to endorse **Georges Marchais** in his insistence that the Front support wholesale nationalization of French industry.

■ The question galvanizing central Europe at the moment: Is the house arrest of **Jovanka Broz-Tito**, wife of the world's premiere aging despot, a preventive strike against a Yugoslavian Gang-of-One-ism?

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THE WEEK

■ Joan Little is loose. Count the ice-picks.

■ Sometimes, you just wonder: What's an honest lobbyist to *do*? Here the maritime unions gave $16,200 in political contributions to the Chairman of the House Merchant Marine Committee, gave $433,000 to 214 of his fellow congressmen, gave $150,000 to an ex-governor from Georgia, and hired Jerry Rafshoon for the ads; and they *still* couldn't get the damn Cargo Preference Bill passed. Simple bill, too—would've required just 9.5 per cent of all imported oil to ride in American bottoms. Of course, it would also break thirty treaties with friendly nations and hit consumers for $240 million in jacked-up oil prices; and maybe some chicken-hearts got nervous when John Murphy (D., N.Y.) began talking about raising the quota to 30 per cent some day. But isn't that what lobbying's *for*? And they beat it, 257 to 165. It's enough to drive a man to free enterprise.

■ On similar reasoning Speaker Tip O'Neill offers another modest reform—too modest, we fear. O'Neill has herded through the House his bill providing annual pensions of $3,000 per year of service for MCs, with twenty to 32 years of service. The idea is to coax some of the congressional "deadwood" into retirement. Unfortunately, the bill provides an obvious incentive for all the deadwood, young or aging, to stay in Congress for twenty to 32 years, and offers no incentives for non-deadwood members, if any (how can you tell?). A grateful American public could save 99.9 per cent of its taxes by pensioning them all off at a cool million a year.

■ HEW Secretary Joseph (Joe Bananas) Califano thinks big, as befits the overseer of one of the great federal duchies. He has sweepingly and suddenly reorganized his department, much to the consternation of his underlings—and of Congressman John Brademas (D., Ind.), the majority whip, who is an old (and former) friend of Califano's. Seems Brademas wanted to share in the splitting up of $5 billion amongst the lame, the halt, and the blind, and Califano's action left him with no money to spend but his own. He accuses his old pal of "the same damn arrogance, the Nixon arrogance of power," and of treating congressmen as "pariahs." According to the *Wall Street Journal*'s Jonathan Spivak, Califano "is determined to turn his department into the driving force behind the government's domestic programs." Spivak observes that Califano is a man of "enormous egotism" who operates "like a riverboat gambler" and "holds the reins of power tightly and insists on making every important political decision himself." As for those underlings, "all high HEW officials must be reachable 24 hours a day, and last summer one medical official on his way from Washington to a Northern vacation was halted at the New Jersey border by a Califano call. The official promptly returned to Washington—to tend to the chief's ailing tennis wrist."

■ George Meany has invited Andrei Sakharov and five other Soviet dissidents to the United States in order to test the USSR's commitment to the freedom of movement promised in the Helsinki accords. Worth keeping in mind: Sakharov believes that freedom of movement means freedom to leave *and* return. Even if the Kremlin should give him a visa (as it refused to do in 1975, when he was to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo), he would probably not accept it unless it were accompanied by a credible guarantee that he would be allowed to return.

■ Representative Jack Kemp of New York continues to be one of the point-men in the Republican Party. In its recent meeting in New Orleans, the Republican National Committee adopted by voice vote a tax reduction plan primarily designed by Kemp, and now embodied in the Roth-Kemp bill which is before Congress. Under this plan, personal tax rates would be cut 33 per cent over a three-year period. Kemp reasons that this reduction would not require any drastic cuts in federal programs—always a frightening prospect to voters—because the economic stimulus of the tax cut would actually result in an increase in federal revenue. What it would also do is increase the size of the private sector relative to the public sector. Republican leadership in the House and Senate is solidly behind the plan. Kemp is also ready to take to the barricades to fight any suicidal Carter concessions in the SALT II agreements, and he

The Poison Pen

He didn't mention Arthur Burns,
But doubtless Dr. Burns discerns
In Jimmy's fine Italian hand
His imminent replacement's planned.
The reason why should not surprise:
As rates resume their heady rise,
The President demands a "yes"
For cranking up the printing press.
But Arthur Burns is nodding "no"
And that is why he has to go.

W. H. VON DREELE

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has had his eye on the 1980 Moscow Olympics, in case the Soviets try to pull anything really fishy. The political situation in both parties is entirely fluid, and Jack Kemp is well worth watching.

■ In two current court cases, Mexicans residing illegally in Texas are challenging that state's right to require their children to pay nominal tuition fees to enroll in public schools. Their challenge is being issued under the infinitely elastic "due process" and "equal protection" clauses of the 14th Amendment, and some legal experts predict that it will go all the way to the Supreme Court.

■ In the course of selling NATO on the neutron bomb, Secretary of Defense Brown dropped a bombshell on one of our remaining Asian allies. Speaking of the N-bomb, Brown said, "If it's not desired [by NATO], it won't be produced. Outside the alliance it has no utility." Thus, although the North Koreans and the Chinese use the same Soviet-designed tanks as the Russians, Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians, the U.S. has no intention of deploying the neutron in South Korea, a decision that no doubt cheers the Asian Communists as much as it displeases South Korea's President Park, whose capital is some thirty miles south of the DMZ. If the Communists ever decide to roll on Seoul, they will be comforted by the knowledge that the U.S. has reserved the neutron bomb for use against white-skinned Communists. This is a kind of racism Asian Communists find agreeable.

■ CORPORATE CONSCIENCE DEPARTMENT: Control Data Corporation, the Minnesota-based computer company, has informed the press that in the light of recent developments the company has decided, with one exception, not to enlarge its investments in South Africa, where it now employs a total of 150 people. (The exception is an education project for blacks.) Control Data, it so happens, is the same company that had to be prevented by the U.S. Government from selling its highly sophisticated Cyber 76 "weather forecasting" computer to the Kremlin, a computer that, aside from tracking clouds, can be converted to track planes, decode intelligence transmissions, and improve the production of nuclear warheads.

Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Nightmare in Israel

■ Last August, responding to pressure from Moscow, the Carter Administration sent a stiff note to the government of South Africa demanding that it halt any plans for the testing of a nuclear weapon. Though no test occurred, the demand that any nation fighting for its existence deny itself the currently ultimate weapon runs counter to all human psychology. The Israelis did not bother to ask Carter's permission and now have anywhere from 15 (Evans and Novak) to 150 (*Rolling Stone*) nuclear weapons. Despite his "cooperation" in the South African initiative, by the way, the Soviets did not thank Carter, but accused him of trying to build up a military monster in South Africa. Ah, the blooms of detente.

■ Soviet-Somali relations are at rock bottom. Forsaken by their former patrons, Somalis have taken to retaliating by killing Russians. A Somali crowd of women and boys recently stoned to death a Russian teacher who went out to buy a pack of cigarettes. Where once the Russians had four thousand advisers in Somalia, the number is now down to four hundred and still dropping.

■ Look, Ma, No Horns! Spanish Communist Party chief Santiago Carrillo has been making himself useful as a parliamentary ally of centrist Prime Minister Suarez. Suarez wants votes against the Socialist Workers Party; Carrillo wants to burnish his reputation as a responsible statesman. Additional cosmetics will include a lecture tour of the United States. Some Spaniards remain unpersuaded: "The systematic Eurocommunist advance in Spain," warned one columnist, "is much more than a possibility."

■ Latest casualty report from Rhodesia: In the last five years 3,396 guerrillas and 418 members of the Rhodesian security forces have been killed, as have, in addition, 1,820 black civilians and 109 white civilians. The 109th white civilian was a six-month-old baby girl, torn from the arms of her nurse and found later, bayoneted to death. Her fate will not be described in the next solicitation for the national liberation struggles in southern Africa from the World Council of Churches.

■ The Institute for Contemporary Studies has prepared a useful volume entitled *Options for U.S. Energy Policy* in which 12 contributors consider the Carter Administration's assessment of the "energy crisis" and the legislative program it has prepared to meet that "crisis." In no way do these men dismiss the possibility of national and global oil shortages—but they do insist that it is just that: a possibility, not a certainty. Moreover, as Henry S. Rowen, professor of public management at Stanford

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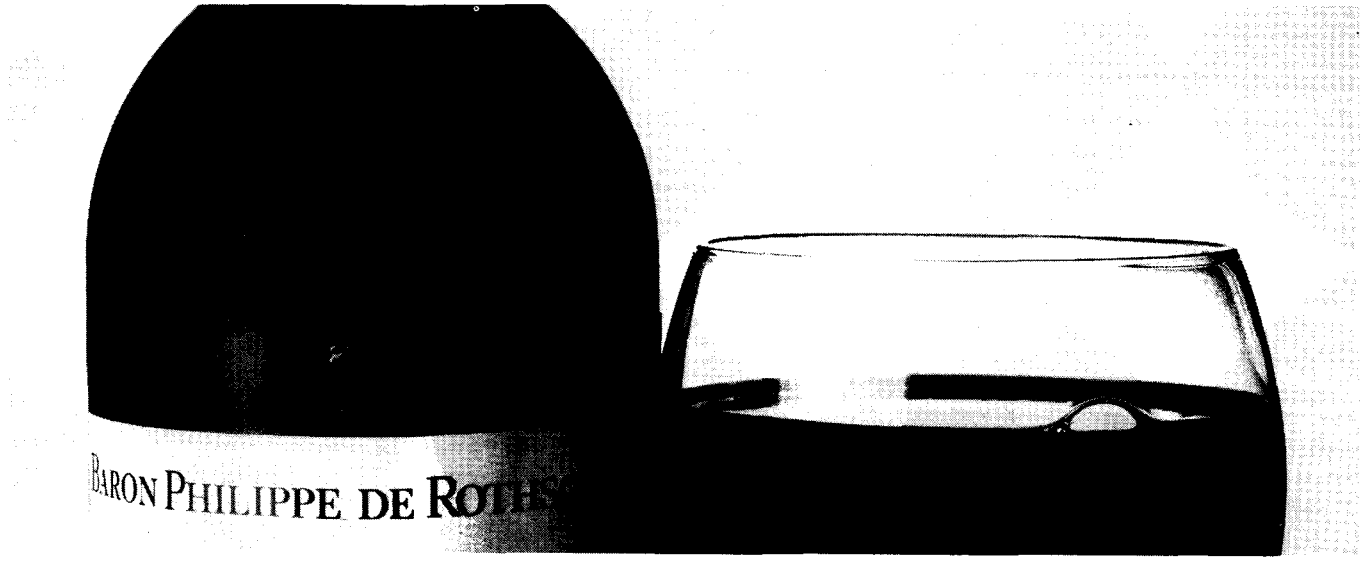
University, writes, the Carter plan "offers a strategy poorly matched to its own diagnosis. The extraordinary assemblage of controls and taxes will inflict large costs and inequities on the American people and will get in the way of the plan's principal goal of reduced foreign dependence. Its emphasis on coal threatens more serious environmental damage than would a strategy less biased against gas or oil. By shifting attention to an unlikely 1980s crisis, it risks eroding support over time for the efforts proposed." In addition, as Edward J. Mitchell, professor of business economics at the University of Michigan, argues, "The preference of houses over cars, non-energy over energy, solar energy over oil, indeed, almost any other source of energy over oil, is what leaps out at you when you read the National Energy Plan. You will not find these preferences explained in any economics book. . . . What makes the Carter program hang together . . . is ideology." Rowen, observing that "we can do better than this," offers what he calls a more appropriate set of goals than the President's: "1) Meet our essential national security needs. 2) Reduce the large economic losses caused by government control in energy markets. 3) Protect the environment. 4) Carry out energy research and exploratory development. . . . 5) Seek to reduce the transfer of wealth imposed by the OPEC cartel. And 6) Ensure against the *possibility* of an oil crisis in the 1980s." Copies of *Options for U.S. Energy Policy* may be obtained from ICS (see "Dark Horses," p. 1314 for price and publication details.)

■ Break out the glasses. For the past eight years, as well as performing a full-time job with the Federal Reserve Board, Reed J. Irvine has lavished his energies on an organization called Accuracy in Media, a media watchdog that has often been celebrated in these pages. Some more celebration is now in order. AIM's founder and chairman has just retired from the Fed to devote himself full-time to media investigation. Considering his part-time accomplishments, the vision of what Irvine will now be able to do boggles the mind. He already writes a weekly media column that appears in newspapers throughout the country, not to mention his hundreds of letters to editors. Then there is Irvine the stockholder. Having purchased a few shares of the *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, ABC, CBS, and RCA (NBC), Irvine can often be found at stockholder meetings, greeting corporate bigwigs with questions about media malpractice. While this would be more than enough for most mortals, it won't do for Irvine. With a staff of five (and some part-time help), he publishes the marvelous *AIM Report*, a semi-monthly newsletter devoted to media atrocities—the lopsided coverage given Orlando Letelier by the *Times* and the *Post*, the neglect of Communist massacres in Southeast Asia, Jack Anderson. For further information about the retiree's newsletter: *AIM Report*, 777 14th Street N.W. Suite 427, Washington D.C. 20005.



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The first of the HEW-sponsored regional meetings on National Health Insurance was recently held in Washington, and the lines have been drawn for what promises to be a bruising battle—not at this point a battle between proponents and opponents of NHI, but rather a dogfight between Congress and the Executive branch over how comprehensive any national health proposal should be.

The first speaker at the meeting here, significantly, was Senator Edward Kennedy, who delivered a passionate plea for Administration support for his own comprehensive proposal, which enjoys the backing of consumerists, Naderites, and organized labor. Although HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, who chaired the meeting, was frequently sarcastic and flip with the string of speakers, he was very careful and correct with Kennedy. But he was also very careful not to express the slightest hint of support for the Kennedy bill.

The problem is one of costs. You can put almost any price tag on NHI schemes you want to, but, according to one recent estimate, the Kennedy bill could cost nearly $250 billion by 1980, a figure that federal health bureaucrats say they simply can't live with. Thus, the word at HEW is that the Kennedy bill—or any bill of similar scope—is dead.

This leaves the Administration with a large bagful of worries, however. For one thing, there's that promise/performance gap, which seems to be the bane of the Carterites. Throughout the campaign, Carter repeatedly promised his audiences "a comprehensive, mandatory, national system" of health insurance. Carter is now apparently ready to forget that promise, as he frequently seems inclined to do. But with media attention increasingly focused on the Administration's trail of broken promises, it's not as easy as it used to be.

And then there's the Kennedy problem. It's no secret here that he believes the enactment of his national health bill will represent his single greatest legislative achievement. He is a very proud man and, although his star may have faded, still a very powerful force in the Senate and in the Democratic Party. A President who may face problems within his own party in 1980 will cross Kennedy at his peril.

■ At about the same time Califano was kicking off the first HEW road show, Dr. Francis Davis and a group of writers, legislators, and doctors from four countries also took to the road to make the case against the national health insurance program with a series of seminars in 37 American cities. The seminars are sponsored by the Congress of County Medical Societies, the Private Medical Care Foundation, and *Private Practice* magazine. Among the participants are columnists M. Stanton Evans and James J. Kilpatrick, and Representatives Phil Crane (R., Ill.) and David Satterfield (D., Va.).

■ In a case considerably less glamorous than *Bakke*, the Supreme Court will soon decide whether Philadelphia can continue to enrich New Jersey with its sewage. According to the Knight news bureau here, the legal issue involved boils down to this: "When people flush their toilets in one state and the product winds up in another, is that interstate commerce?"

■ BRIEFS: Alabamians who know him claim that Senator John Sparkman now says he won't retire. Reason: He doesn't want George Wallace to take his seat. . . . The *National Journal* believes that Bert Lance may run for the Senate. . . . And *Ear*, the *Washington Star*'s splendid *gossipiste*, believes that Phyllis Schlafly, of ERA fame, may take on Chuck Percy in the Illinois Republican primary. —CATO

■ One of the hardest points to make nowadays is that there is a level of human existence that is really and truly *social*: located somewhere between totalist collectivism and solipsistic individualism. There is no more invincibly ignorant aggressor against this concept than the American Civil Liberties Union, which views every private, voluntary social organization as a quasi-government. Now the ACLU is belching fire at Oral Roberts University, which requires its hyper-obese students to lose weight—or face suspension. Blatant Weightism, says the ACLU, demanding that federal funds to ORU be cut off unless it conforms forthwith to ACLU guidelines. The rigidity of the "libertarian" position is such as virtually to forbid citizens from banding together to form their own institutions, however idiosyncratic, with independent social purposes, priorities, and standards. Why can't a college discourage gluttony? Or sloth?

■ "No city should have more than a single branch of government inflicted on it," *Washingtonian* magazine argues, offering this modest reform to upgrade life in the nation's capital: The Supreme Court should be moved to Los Angeles (to work on their image) and Congress should be shipped to Hannibal, Missouri because it is giving Washington a bad name—"You can't trust them with your daughters; there would finally be enough cabs to go around; Congress has all the good parking places, and they don't pay taxes."

■ Good news at last. Mrs. Ena Campbell of Vancouver, B.C. has been acquitted of practicing medicine without a license. Mrs. Campbell, who describes herself as a "flexicologist," massages feet for a living.

■ In the interests of austerity, the Department of Energy is moving to new quarters. Secretary Schlesinger will not have a private dining room, and Deputy Secretary O'Leary will not have a shower. The move will cost $17 million.

■ Let it be recorded that Representative Elizabeth Holtzman (D., N.Y.) has purchased, at taxpayer expense, a book titled *Take the Money and Run*.

■ In an essay titled "Bulls, Bears, and Bacteria," Professor Harold J. Morowitz observes that motile bacteria exhibit in their movements an intelligent behavior akin to a successful stock market strategy. "Intelligence," he concludes, "permeates nature and we almost begin to see it emerging as a primitive property of matter along

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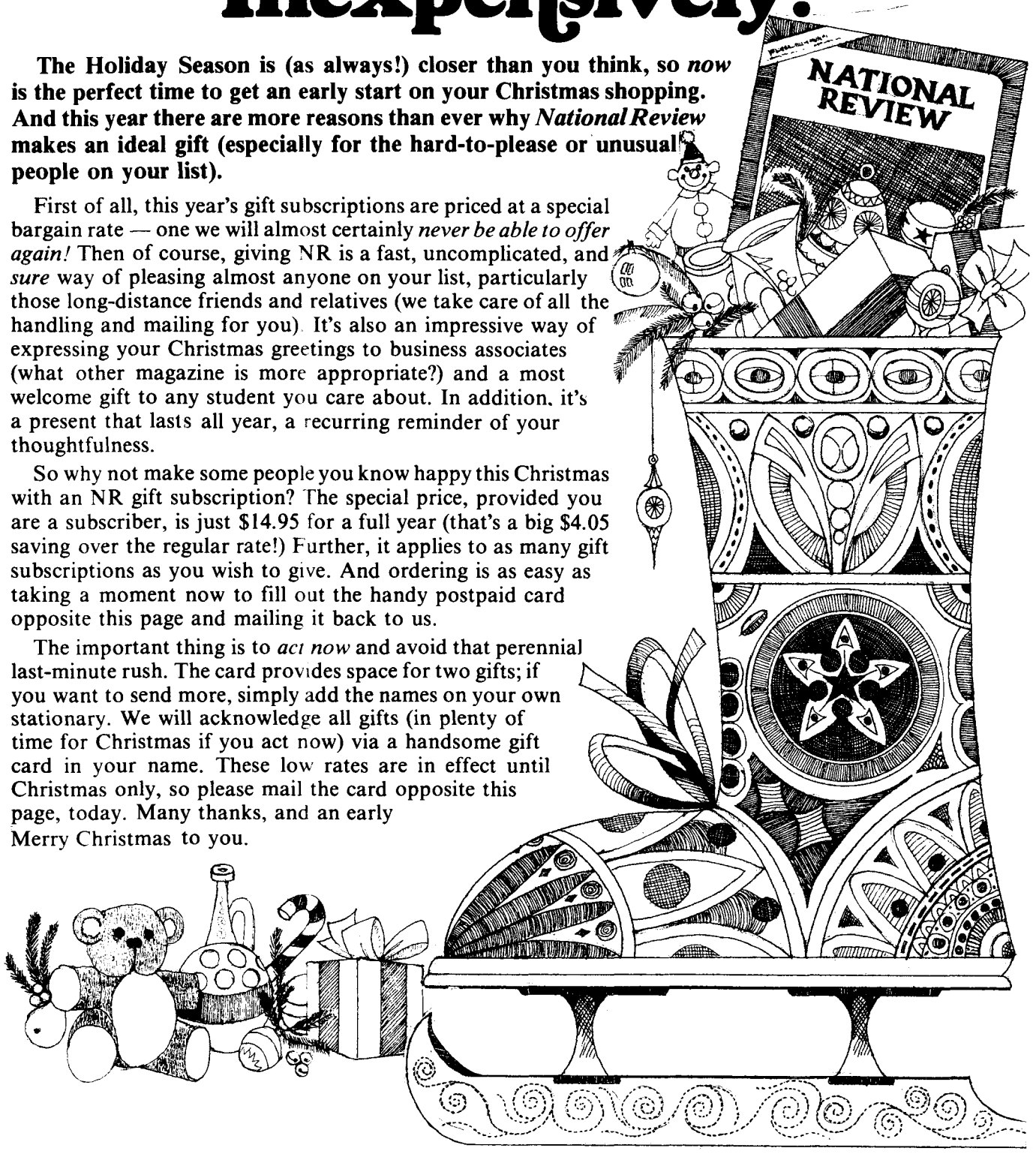

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with mass and charge." Fascinating. We would like to predict that the next scientific finding along these lines will be that antibacterial agents exhibit unintelligent behavior akin to a successful federal regulatory policy.

■ We tremble for our country when we reflect that it has exchanged happy warriors for gay militants.

Canal Politics

With the Panama Canal treaties in trouble both in the Senate and with U.S. public opinion (58 to 23 per cent negative, according to the Harris Poll), President Carter arranged a visit to the White House by Panamanian dictator General Omar Torrijos. What issued was an unsigned communiqué stating that under certain conditions U.S. ships will indeed have priority in using the Canal, and that, where intervention is concerned (the word intervention is never used in Spanish except to denounce it), "any United States action will be directed at ensuring that the Canal will remain open, secure, and accessible, and it shall never be directed against the territorial integrity or political independence of Panama."

Some, like Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, a key figure, thought the Carter-Torrijos communiqué, which coped successfully with an ambiguity, would enhance the chances of Senate approval. Others had their doubts. Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt commented that "those who want the entire agreement within the four corners of the Treaty won't feel bound by a verbal understanding of two leaders who are both in serious trouble in their own countries on this issue." But if Laxalt were correct, it would follow that no treaty, ever, could be confidently concluded. All laws, constitutions, and treaties are supposed to mean what the people who wrote them intended them to mean, but of course, as witness our own Supreme Court's improvisations on the 14th Amendment, there is no way of guaranteeing against abusive misreadings by future Panamanian—or American—regimes.

Though a Panamanian plebiscite approved the treaties by a 2 to 1 margin, the size of the negative vote—a substantial minority of one-third—indicates the nature of Torrijos' own political problem. Those rejecting the treaties, presumably nationalists and/or leftists, did so because they believe the treaties concede too much to the U.S. For Torrijos to concede much more would thus surely endanger his Panamanian support. Torrijos, to put it gently, is an unelected leader, and he could be replaced overnight by another general or a junta. On the other hand, for treaty opponents both in and outside the U.S. Senate, the present treaties do not go far enough in securing U.S. interests. The political problem is thus an extremely delicate one.

In an important and thoughtful essay published on the *New York Times*' Op-Ed page, Senator S. I. Hayakawa began to explore the consequences of both Senate approval and Senate rejection. Neither, he said, would put an end to the Canal issue. "Assuming ratification, it is necessary to point out that there is a long history of international agreements that only resulted in new disputes. The detailed and complex provisions of the first treaty, which would govern the gradual transfer of administration to Panama, are bound to produce all kinds of controversies. It is also by no means certain that the government of Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera will consider the treaties final; it may very well come forth with new demands in a few years. . . . Finally, it is all too clear that ratification will be interpreted in many quarters as 'America on the run.' We therefore ought to be prepared for new pressures to abandon Guantanamo, Cuba and to evacuate Clark Air Force Base and Subic Bay in the Philippines."

In the event of Senate rejection, however, Hayakawa also foresees trouble—not guerrilla warfare or sabotage, in view of the geographical realities, but, very likely, terrorism in the U.S. Furthermore, should there be an overt military attempt upon the Canal, the U.S. would have to be prepared to defend it. "We have heard," remarks Hayakawa, "plenty from the geriatric set about how we must defend the Canal at all costs, but has anyone surveyed young men under thirty to see how they feel about such a fight?"

Finally, as Senator Laxalt noted in the comment quoted above, the fate of the Canal treaties is inextricable from the political standing of Jimmy Carter. A strong President, behaving with assurance abroad and in political command at home, could sell the present treaties to a reluctant Senate and a skeptical public. But Carter's performance on SALT (see below) and Carter's intimations regarding Taiwan give rise to an uneasy skepticism about his capacity to lead.

The debate over the Canal treaties thus does not take place in a vacuum, but rather in a concrete political context—a context of continuing, indeed deepening, U.S. weakness and accelerating U.S. retreat, plus growing doubt regarding Carter's competence in foreign policy. In that political context, proponents of the treaties will inevitably be put on the defensive.

SALT Disaster Coming?

If initial reports are correct, the Carter Administration is prepared to negotiate away vital and innovative U.S. weapons in order to achieve some sort of SALT II agreement with the Soviets.

On this as on other issues the pattern of Carter cave-in has become only too clear. First, Carter took a relatively tough human rights and arms control stance vis-à-vis Moscow. The Soviets responded by cracking down savagely on dissidents and by telling Carter to stick his arms proposal in his ear. In trouble domestically on virtually every issue he has engaged, Carter evidently decided to seek some sort of SALT "success." He therefore fell

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silent on the issue of human rights in the Soviet Union and caved in on our new weapons systems.

According to so far unconfirmed but apparently reliable reports, the Carter negotiators have prepared the following incredible package: 1) crippling range limits on the new cruise missile; 2) exemption of the Soviet Backfire Bomber from the strategic category, even though everyone agrees the Backfire can reach the U.S.; 3) acquiescence in Soviet missile improvement, results unverifiable.

According to columnist William Safire, the Carter Administration had previously demanded that the Soviets withdraw 68,000 front-line troops and 1,700 modern tanks. Now the U.S. is proposing that the Soviets withdraw any 1,500 tanks and any 68,000 troops. What that means is that the Soviets could withdraw some rear-guard troops a few miles, plus some obsolescent tanks, in return for which they would watch 29,000 U.S. combat troops and their tactical nuclear weapons retire across the Atlantic. If this is what our negotiators actually envision, there would be no surer way of turning Western Europe into a Soviet zone of influence.

NR's own sources indicate that when Secretary of State Cyrus Vance went to key senators, including the leadership on both sides of the aisle, with this amazing package, he met with flat rejection: not only did the hard-liners turn thumbs down, but the orthodox liberals also expressed strong objections. If reports about the Carter SALT package are correct, we can only hope that the Senate will be able to resist the urge to suicide.

Louder, Please

The news from Belgrade's post-Helsinki talks is that chief U.S. delegate Arthur Goldberg wants no "confrontation" with the Soviets. But he is also said to have insisted, as a condition of accepting the job, that he be given a free hand to press the Soviets quietly on particular cases of human rights violations; which he is doing.

The Soviets are responding predictably. They have denounced the U.S. practice of denying visas to their "labor leaders," in violation, they insist, of the free-movement-of-peoples provisions (this longtime practice has, alas, been stopped); blamed the U.S. for disruptions of performances here by Russian musicians; accused Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty of broadcasting "subversive and hostile propaganda," with the demand that this too be stopped; and so on.

Mr. Goldberg seems to see eye-to-eye with the President on the matter, which is too bad. They seek to do

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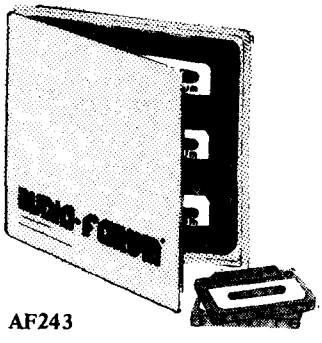

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good, without doing the Soviet Union harm—including anything worse than mild embarrassment. No doubt it is very well to spring an occasional dissident from jail or psychiatric ward, or to win a few Jewish families the right to emigrate. But the purpose of U.S. foreign policy is to serve specifically *national* interests. It is not a global humanitarian service organization, laudable as that would be under other auspices. It is a shame to criticize a man for being so nice and decent about it all; but there is about the Goldberg approach too much of the otherwordly universalism of Carter and Company. The Russian delegates evidently know whom they're working for, and it isn't All Mankind. They are prepared, in the line of duty, to make a scene, to put us on the defensive before the world. That's all part of the job, and Mr. Goldberg should regard it as part of his job too. Of course that isn't always easy when you are in the employ of an Administration committed to evading the fact that we have real, live enemies.

Double Standard

Freedom took a beating on two fronts last month. The South African government banned 18 anti-apartheid organizations, arrested several dozen critics, black and white, and cracked down on the largest black newspaper in the country. Justice Minister James Kruger declared that the victims had been guilty of "endangering the maintenance of public order"; but even Afrikaaners were dismayed by his measures—"bullying authoritarianism," in the words of the *Johannesburg Transvaler*. American reactions were equally sharp. The Administration recalled its ambassador for consultations; several congressmen urged the adoption of economic sanctions; the president of Harvard telegraphed Prime Minister Vorster; while Andrew Young called the moves "tragic," and compared them to "Stalinist actions."

Young's choice of words was perhaps more felicitous than he realized; for, even as he spoke, some genuine Stalinists in another quarter of the globe were behaving much like the South Africans. The Czechoslovakian government, after a two-day trial, found four intellectuals guilty of criminal activities "against the foundations of the republic." The trial was heavy-handed even by current Eastern European standards: a French Communist reporter was not allowed to enter the country to cover it, while the Czechs had the chutzpah to schedule it in the midst of the Belgrade conference on detente and human rights. America's response in this case was more muted, however. Arthur Goldberg did cross swords with the Soviet delegate at Belgrade; but there was no summoning home of ambassadors; no rumor of sanctions in the cloakrooms; no historical comparison by Mr. Young; and no blistering telegram from Cambridge.

Why the difference? Surely not because of any disparity in the magnitude of oppression. The South Africans, it is true, lowered the boom on more people; but then, they operated under the handicap of having more freedoms to suppress (no Prague newspapers spoke of "bullying authoritarianism"). Nor could it have anything to do with the severity of the punishments, which were comparable: the editor of the *East London Daily Dispatch* got five and a half years in prison. Nor could it even have to do with the fact that we are currently engaged in SALT talks with Czechoslovakia's masters; for we are counting on the South Africans, in equally delicate negotiations, to help solve the situation in Rhodesia.

South Africa's oppression is vulnerable for two reasons: it is directed by whites against blacks, and it is cloaked in the rhetoric of the Right. "The world would not have cared" how many dissidents were locked up if the government had been black, John Vorster declared; and, as if to dot his i's and cross his t's, the *New York Times* editorialized that "official racism is the evil inheritance of white men everywhere." In addition, the Afrikaaners wave unfashionable banners. Prague's cant is democratic socialism; Pretoria's, Calvinism and anti-Communism. It does not require any great degree of cultural sensitivity to know which is more popular in Harvard Yard, if not on the Hill. The preferred enemy in these times, as James Burnham has observed, is always on the right.

As we go to press, Carter has indicated that there will be sanctions of some sort against South Africa, while Czechoslovakia (aside from Goldberg's skirmish) goes unreproved, thus confirming the justice of South African official opinion on at least one point—that there is no single standard.

Soft as Steel

Steel is in trouble, not only here but throughout the world. The idle steel plants are largely a symptom of the fact that business spending on plant and equipment is anemic in this country and absent in others. Capital is on strike, after a decade of being taxed, regulated, expropriated and inflated into oblivion.

The special problems of steel in this country, however, go back much further. Specifically, steel has been the favorite target of federal jawboning and price controls throughout the postwar period. Steel price increases have regularly been battled by public pillorying, and by threats of costly antitrust suits or unfavorable changes in tax, trade, and government purchasing policies. Truman's unconstitutional 1952 seizure of the steel plants and Kennedy's nasty 1962 confrontation with U.S. Steel are only the most conspicuous examples of an almost annual ritual.

Recent headlines describing modest increases in list

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At Them, Lads!

In Portugal, Lord Wellington
  Would always wait until
The French were spread apart ahead—
  Then go in for the kill
The holes in Jimmy Carter's lines
  Are marvelous to see,
But who's around to take the ground
  Among the GOP?

W. H. VON DREELE

prices for some steel products indicate that the game is still being played. *Newsweek* called one increase "Carter's First Challenge." The *Wall Street Journal* announced another thus: "U.S. Steel Hands Carter a Rebuff in Raising Prices." *Business Week* wrote the "Case for Another Aluminum Price Rise," but joined the others in describing a smaller increase for steel as some sort of personal affront to the President. The fact that steel production requires a lot of energy, and that energy costs have exploded, is rarely mentioned. (On October 26, Bethlehem Steel, the nation's second largest steel producer, reported a third-quarter loss of $477 million, the worst loss in its history.)

Unable to use price increases to ration tight supplies when the economy was overheated, domestic steel producers saw foreign producers fill the gap at much higher prices in 1969 and 1974. The lure of such special prices in the controlled U.S. market promoted expansion of foreign steel capacity to satisfy the excess demand produced by de facto price controls. Armed with the resulting war chest of windfall profits, foreign producers are able to cut prices to the bone in slack times. U.S. steelmakers lose out in both strong and weak markets, averaging only an 8.3 per cent return on stockholder equity from 1970 to 1976, compared with 11.9 per cent for all manufacturing.

The *New York Times* editorializes that American steel "has lost its competitive position at home because firms have failed to modernize and have acceded to sizable wage settlements." But the sort of jawboning that the *Times* has often applauded has drained the industry of the profits needed to justify modernization. And government intervention in labor disputes, particularly in the steel industry, has tilted the balance toward sizable wage settlements. The Council on Wage and Price Stability has also noted that environmental standards are most severe for new plants, thus discouraging modernization, and that meeting such standards may soon account for up to a tenth of the industry's costs

Prominent complaints about below-cost "dumping," or about foreign governments' subsidies to their steel industries, are far less significant than the impact of our public policies. Besides, the other side of subsidized or below-cost selling by foreigners is the receipt of subsidies or below-cost buying by U.S. consumers—not such a bad deal. Protection is no solution to the loss of international competitiveness, since restricting imports also restricts foreigners' source of dollars with which to buy our exports.

It is no coincidence that the U.S. industries that have been most persistently subjected to some sort of price controls—namely petroleum, natural gas, railroads and steel—are among the weakest links in the economy. The resulting increased dependency on foreign supplies does not reflect inherently lower costs, but only lower costs of government regulation. The irony is that short-sighted efforts to keep certain prices down by squeezing profits can only end up creating shortages, trade deficits and higher prices. Although it is convenient to blame our troubles on the Arabs and Japanese, the ultimate source of their strength and our weakness lies much closer to home.

German Entebbe

There was much rejoicing among Western nations after the spectacular West German strike against the terrorist hijackers at Mogadishu, and well there should have been. The raid, now called the "German Entebbe," represented a too-rare triumph in the war against an escalating terrorism: the number of successful hijackings has increased from three in 1975 to 15 so far in 1977, and each year the number of worldwide terrorist incidents climbs into the thousands.

Modern terrorism, at least the variety exemplified by the Red Army Faction hijackers at Mogadishu, is fueled by two elements which form a most combustible mix. In 1919 Trotsky wrote: "Terror, as the demonstration of the will and strength of the working class, is historically justified." And ever since then this doctrine of permanent, worldwide revolution has been at least partly the philosophical rationalization for terrorist practitioners. But the West of the postwar era has added its own ingredient: the bored, restless progeny of the upper and middle classes. Trotsky's tortured logic provides the justification, bored youth the manpower, and, often, sexuality the underlying motivation.

The result is a floating group of political thrill-seekers who seize upon the ideology of violence. Palestine, Angola, Vietnam, Ireland—their causes are leftist chic and always available somewhere. As columnist George Will points out in *Newsweek*, two hundred years ago the terrorists were killing royalty with guillotines. A century later, the monarchs having been mostly excised, the enemy became the middle class. One can easily hazard the extrapolation that if the middle class were to disappear tomorrow, the terrorists would find some other

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target, much as Mao's young Red Guards rampaged against the "revisionists" in China.

Where to go for help? Certainly not to the United Nations: too many members of that august body have a vested interest in terrorism. And since terrorism is mainly a Western phenomenon, precluded by totalitarian controls, the Eastern bloc can look on in gloating silence as the sensitive social and political fabric of democracy is weakened by terrorism.

No, the answer must come from those areas (Europe, Canada, Japan, the U.S., and a few other civilized bastions) most victimized by terror. Entebbe-style raids, along with a policy of no bargaining, should be merely a first, though important, tactic. Economic boycotts are another: those countries that play host to hijackers would think twice about their hospitality if they knew they would be ostracized by the West, cut off from Western trade and technology. Finally, there should be tougher crackdowns at home on those who actively support (not merely sympathize with) terrorists. Any objections from the civil libertarian lobby should be met directly; abetting terrorists is nothing short of sedition. There will be more hijackings and more bombings, and Mogadishu is only one of many battlegrounds.

Bing, R I P

When the bu-bu-blue of the night meets the go-gold of the day, someone [pause] *waits for me. . . .* There it came wafting across the airwaves in the mid-Forties, in the middle of the war, heralding thirty minutes of Der Bingle's relaxed, mellifluous, understated crooning: a hint of self-deprecation, a sense of laughter and fun there, the *ba-ba-ba-boo* that became his hallmark, the marvelously clear melodic whistle into which he would launch from the sheer exuberant joy of it all. Even then, it seemed, he had been around forever—and "White Christmas" was among his newer efforts.

Thirty-five years later, he was still singing many of the same songs, in the same relaxed manner, with the same slow-foot, creaky-kneed shuffle, at ease with his audience, a man indestructible, for all generations. The geriatric set remembered him from his days with the Rhythm Boys and the Paul Whiteman band. For the Second World War generation it was *Holiday Inn*—the movie in which he, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin launched "White Christmas"—that is remembered most poignantly, but they chuckled at the Road pictures, with Bob Hope and the eternally saronged Miss Dorothy Lamour; they enjoyed his clowning with Martha Raye on the many tours of the war fronts, his duets with Rosemary Clooney, his many records and appearances with his good friend Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong. His more spectacular successes came in the later Forties and Fifties with Barry Fitzgerald in *Going My Way*, with Ingrid Bergman in *The Bells of St. Mary's*, with Grace Kelly and Frank Sinatra in *High Society*. Der Bingle seemed always to have been there until one afternon, very suddenly, he wasn't.

He died as he had lived, a true and faithful son of the church into which he was born, a loving husband and father, a sportsman among sportsmen, a patriotic American, a man whose admirers, including the editors of this magazine, were legion; and a man who reciprocated modestly (our twentieth anniversary issue carried a half-page ad of congratulation that said, simply, "Bing").

In death, Bing Crosby contrived something he never managed in life: Bob Hope admitted he couldn't go on with the show, for the first time in his life, the night he heard of Bing Crosby's death. It is pleasant to record that that last photograph taken of him on the 17th hole in Spain minutes before he died showed that his golf swing, at 73, was still classy. He went out in perfect form.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB

Splendid news. Beginning in the next issue, our regular movie reviewer will be the fabled John Simon. Mr. Simon's reviews of movies, which have appeared in all the civilized journals, winning him prizes, adulation, and contumely, are above all things literate, acute, and intelligent. They are unharnessed to any ideology, and they are guaranteed to enrage at least as many people as they delight. But they are singular reading experiences—by a man born in Yugoslavia, educated at Harvard (yea, even unto a PhD), a veteran of the Second World War, author of several books, drama critic for *New York* magazine.

■ To: WFB
From: RSB
Re: Winton Blount's letter, Notes & Asides, October 14

Why don't we keep the Canal and give Torrijos the Post Office?

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Upon the request of my roommate I began reading your article, "Letters to the Editor," in the TWA *Ambassador,* October 1977 edition. Although you are quite

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an accomplished writer, and the article was rather humorous. I could not force myself to finish reading it, due to the fact that I had a great deal of studying awaiting me. Putting the article aside started my previously mentioned roommate bitching at me. For you see, he is a great admirer of yours. Therefore on behalf of my roommate, I am sending this letter of apology for not having completed your article.

Apologetically yours,
Donald Jones (Tom's roommate)
218 Jamestown Rd.
Williamsburg, Va. 23185

Dear Mr. Jones: Many thanks. Take your time. It's easy, at Williamsburg, to take one's time. The perspective is right. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The trouble is, you can't write books fast enough to keep me sober. And our local paper publishes you only erratically. And I don't have a TV, and must depend upon pure luck to catch *Firing Line*.

Quite seriously, after 24 (yes, twenty-four) years of uncontrolled drinking, which cost me wife, family, home, car, self-respect, etc. (Do I bore you? I'm certainly boring myself) I find #1: I have to stay sober two days in order even to follow you #2: having done so, I read all I can get my hands on of WFB, Jr.

However (with no intent to diminish your ego) even reading *Execution Eve* for the 4th or 5th time begins to pall. Now, many people say to you "I've read everything you've ever written"—and this is a nonsensical lie. You have written, probably, much more than is published. For example, such a fan who has read "all" probably didn't read your love-letters to your wife, before she became this. But, just short of that I am probably as well-Buckley-read as any living man. And, I hold a steady job—and I read your stuff. I know you don't mess with details—but how do I subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW? This may be the answer.

Thank you. And, believe it or not, you are just a hair better than booze; I will not drink until I hear from you—and, possibly, I can make it from issue to issue.

With frank respect,
Lee Holley
Peoria, Ill. 61603

Dear Mr. Holley: Hang on now. *NR* is on its way. Don't read it before sundown, or within fifty yards of church. Don't gulp it down at a single sitting. Next morning, turn on a record by John Philip Sousa, pick up a Tab, and toast your political and biological health. Most cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

In your October 28, 1977 issue, you call Mr. Massee of Norway, Maine "a bloody Norwegian." You are mistaken. The English are bloody, not the Norwegians. Furthermore, residents of Norway, Maine are New England Yankees, not Norwegians.

As a Norwegian-American who is a conservative, a Republican, and also a loyal reader of *NR*, I consider it an insult to be grouped with a fellow like William Massee.

Sincerely,
David A. Williams
The Heritage Foundation
Arlington, Va. 22205

■ Gentlemen:

Has Mrs. Raymond considered appoaching Mr. Sixtus Beckmesser of Nürnberg, Germany, for appropriate music to "The Big Ditch"?

Respectfully,
Harry Goldmeier
Hempstead, N.Y. 11550

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The great Buckley does not distinguish between a French kiss and the South American *abrazo*.

How have the mighty fallen?

Sincerely,
Sidney Vernon, MD
Willimantic, Conn.

Who? When? Where? How? **—WFB**

Padry, *Le Herisson* Rothco

The Metamorphosis

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Through the Mirror — The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

Let's imagine how it might look from the other side—to, let's say, a retired Soviet intelligence official writing in his private journal late one autumn night:

NOVEMBER 7

I FIGURED I had to show up for the celebration—they notice absences even when you no longer rate a preferred section. The speeches were the usual twaddle, but it's the sixtieth anniversary, and they started me thinking about how things stand with the Glorious Revolution.

I won't spend much time on manners and morals—the graft, cheating, and venality that have replaced the self-sacrifice, endurance, and even heroism that were not uncommon in the early years; the materialism and hooliganism of the younger generation; the epidemic alcoholism of so many peasants and workers. Morality is not my line, and I know old people always feel the morals of the young have gone to pot.

I'm on firmer ground analyzing our economy. Our statistics show spectacular progress—especially in fields where the country was starting from scratch sixty years ago. No one disputes our being a major industrial power. But you can't eat statistics. The plain fact is that, with 15 times more people working on the land than in the U.S., we can't feed our own people. In the economy as a whole our rate of productivity is the lowest in the industrialized world. We have the smallest lodging space per inhabitant. Our product-quality performance and our maintenance are the worst. No other nation has such customer queues or such reliance on black markets. When we examine our general development more closely, we find that the most impressive achievements are in the old industrial sectors—railroads, cement, steel, coal, etc.—and that such new sectors as electronics, computers, solid state circuitry, miniaturization, and communications lag far behind.

This is the showing not of a temporary slump but of sixty years. By the record, our economic system—authoritarian, centralized state socialism (or state capitalism—it's hard to define a difference)—doesn't work. We have got by only because time after time the capitalist world has come to our rescue: with the Hoover Commission's food relief at the beginning; the influx of Western companies to rebuild mines and factories during the NEP; the huge shipments of supplies of all sorts during World War II; the millions of tons of grain and the technology transfers under the aegis of detente.

Verdict by the Record

Our enemies as well as our own leaders say that, whatever its deficiencies elsewhere, our economy turns out plenty of weapons. Our military hardware is no doubt formidable, but I wonder whether enemy spokesmen aren't mostly trying to get their own arms budgets raised when they talk so fearsomely about our weapons.

In the quality of our weapons as of our other products we are nearly always 'way behind, trying to catch up. Our MiGs couldn't fly in the same sky with F-14s and F-15s. Some of our missiles can make big bangs, but the enemy's targeting and deception apparatus is a quantum jump over ours. Under SALT I the enemy coasted along with old weapons while we caught up—to find him ready with a whole new set: cruise missiles, mobile land missiles, N-bombs. Who knows what he's up to with that new space shuttle?

Weapons are in the end secondary. Whatever SALT deal we get, we're still in a strategic vise between China and Western Europe. Now we've got the prospect of a southern front also, what with the buildup of advanced weapons around the Persian Gulf and the defection of India. In spite of the talk about our naval potential, our navy is still crippled, just as under the Czars, by our lack of adequate access to the open sea.

The threat is not only along external fronts. The Western press publishes alarmist stories about the huge armies we have poised to send westward to the Rhine and Atlantic. Quite apart from Western defense and retaliation, can we rely on those armies when serious action starts? Poland will be in our rear, across our lines, Czechoslovakia and Hungary on the southern flank, the Baltic nations on the northern. Are we sure who would be the targets of Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, and Balts once the shooting starts? And what about the Ukrainians and other non-Russian nationalities in the light of their behavior in both World Wars?

Meanwhile our global policy is in shambles. After spending billions we have been pushed out of most of the Mideast and the Arab world. Our India connection collapsed with Indira Gandhi, and the substitute deal we planned with Bhutto went down with him. Castro promised us a general Latin American revolution for all those billions, and produced a crop of anti-Communist dictatorships. We've got an insoluble dilemma in the Ethiopia-Somalia business that is forcing us out of the Red Sea and Horn. Angola is back on the Gulf Oil payroll and angling Washington for a deal. The Shaba [Katanga] fiasco has made us a joke in all black Africa. The billions we poured into Vietnam have yielded none of the trade priorities or naval facilities we bargained for. Those Third World types seem to be playing us for suckers.

Amid the Wreckage

To add to the wreckage, there is the fracturing of the global Communist movement. Yugoslavia and China were the premonitory cracks. More recently there has been the rush of the militant, often gifted, younger people into ultra-Left, extremist—and anti-Soviet—organizations, and now the spread of Eurocommunist and other nationalist, potentially anti-Soviet, deviations in our long-established parties.

I could extend the catalogue, but I have noted more than enough to compel me to wonder, on this sixtieth anniversary, whether there will be a seventieth? Perhaps those bungling gerontocrats of the Politburo are a symbol of the Revolution's senescence. If we are to be saved, it can only be through the enemy's stupidity, greed, and illusions. □

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COVER STORY

The High Human Price of Detente

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

SIX YEARS AGO, detente supplanted containment as America's East-West policy; it has been supported by a majority of the American people ever since. Detente ended the long and costly cold war struggle and lightened the taxpayers' burden; thanks to its "centerpiece," the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement and on-going SALT talks, it has dispelled much of the nightmare fear of a nuclear conflict with Soviet Russia.

Nevertheless, in the Nixon-Kissinger-Ford years, Americans' support for detente contained a certain element of uneasiness. During the last presidential campaign, Governor Carter identified what was troubling his fellow citizens: detente as designed and conducted by his predecessors, he said, lacked *moral* substance. And he promised, if elected, to "restore morality to U.S. foreign policy."

In his Inaugural Address, President Carter said, "Our commitment to human rights must be absolute . . . [We] can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere. Our moral sense dictates a clear-cut preference for those societies which share with us an abiding respect for individual human rights." And in fulfillment of his campaign promise to give moral substance to detente, the President made "human rights" the "centerpiece" of Carter foreign policy. He ended the Nixon-Kissinger-Ford era of "moral indifference" to "freedom elsewhere" with a significant symbolic gesture: he sent a personal letter of sympathy and encouragement to Andrei Sakharov, the most famous of the Soviet dissidents inside Russia. He also expressed disapproval of the Soviet Union's treatment of its Jews, and he made it clear that he expected Mr. Brezhnev to honor the Helsinki pledge to "show respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms, including the freedom of conscience, religion, or belief."

The President's concern for human rights in foreign lands was in the best tradition of American statesmanship and Jeffersonian-Wilsonian democracy, and Americans, on the whole, were enthusiastic. It was great to know that the United States, under Carter, would once again have a foreign policy that was both idealistic and realistic.

To the pained surprise of the American public, the reaction of Chairman Brezhnev was anything *but* enthusiastic. He accused President Carter of seeking to renew the cold war, and he became alarmingly sticky about resuming the Strategic Arms Limitation negotiations.

The President has since gone to some lengths to mollify Mr. Brezhnev. It is the immemorial right of an American President, he explained, to remind the leaders and peoples of all the nations—the American people included—of the traditional principles for which his country stands. Indeed, if his predecessors have neglected or forgotten them, it becomes his duty to do so. A concern for human rights, both at home and abroad, he pointed out, has guided America's foreign policy throughout most of its two-hundred-year history. But Mr. Brezhnev should not imagine, not for a single second, that the Carter Administration intends to *impose* these principles by force on other nations. President Carter's absolute commitment to human rights is essentially an absolute commitment to *peace*, for is not war the worst enemy of all human rights? And Mr. Brezhnev should not doubt that he, President Carter, is any less sincere than Presidents Nixon and Ford were in seeking a permanent relaxation of political and military tensions with the Soviet Union.

To emphasize his devotion to detente, Carter used the occasion of a speech at Notre Dame to proclaim to the world that the cold war between the United States and Russia is over. And in his address to the United Nations, he told the American people to forget their "obsessive fear of Communism."

Mr. Brezhnev, the current Comrade Czar of the Soviet Union, remains unmollified. And, let's face it, from his Muscovite point of view, not without reason.

Mr. Brezhnev is 72 years old. He has a somewhat longer memory, and a firmer grasp, of Soviet-American relations than Mr. Carter. He knows that "liberty," "freedom," "independence," "democracy," "traditional American principles," and "human rights" are all interchangeable terms in the American political lexicon. He knows that "human rights" was precisely what the 25-year-old cold war was all about. He has seen five American Presidents—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and (in his first term) Nixon—pursue a policy that was guided by these traditional American principles. They called it containment. And it did anything *but* relax tensions with the Soviet Union. For whom and what—in the name of "human rights"—were all these Presidents out to contain? Soviet Russia and Marxism-Leninism!

They accused Soviet leaders of being imperialists and

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colonialists, of conquering a dozen once-independent nations, absorbing them completely, and governing them without the consent of the governed. They called Russia's six East European neighbors "the captive nations," and encouraged their citizens to revolt against Russian domination. They insisted that the Soviet Union, a sovereign state, had no moral right to apply its sacred Marxist-Leninist principles of government to its own subjects; that it had no right to convert other peoples to these principles, even as America was trying to subvert other peoples to its imperialistic–capitalistic–bourgeois–anti-egalitarian–anti-proletarian principles. And—always in the name of human rights—all these Presidents worked like *muzhiks* to prevent the Soviet Union from achieving its ultimate Marxist-Leninist goal—its *historically determined* Marxist-Leninist goal—of world revolution and Soviet global hegemony.

Failing the Test

To this end, America extended billions and billions of dollars in military and economic aid, not only to allies, but to scores of other countries. To this end, America maintained vast conventional sea, air, and land forces; flung military bases around the globe, encircling the USSR and Red China; and piled nuclear weapons on nuclear weapons, all targeted on the Soviet Union. And to this end, they sent millions of Americans to make war, for a total of 12 years, on the Kremlin's comrades in North Korea and North Vietnam.

That's what happened when five bourgeois American Presidents used "human rights" and "freedom elsewhere" as a cover for their conspiratorial, imperialistic, capitalistic, global cold-war attempt to destroy the glorious Soviet Union. And who knows better than Brezhnev that if it had *not* happened, the Communist idea would long since have swept the world, and he, Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, might today be the world's master?

What would have happened if the Americans had gone on with their containment policy for another quarter of a century is something Mr. Brezhnev probably prefers not to think about. But fortunately for him, and for the sacred and invincible cause of Marxism-Leninism, what *did* happen was—Vietnam. The long, ill-conceived, badly fought, bloody, costly war in Vietnam was the test of capitalist America's ideological staying power. America failed the test.

Lenin believed that the ideological struggle would end in Europe with a terrible bang—and a Communist victory. In fact it ended in Vietnam with an American whimper—and a Communist victory. It was not the Communists who quit the battle, or the Soviets who delivered their allies into the hands of their enemies. It was not the Soviets who bellyached about the cost of bearing the burden of ideological world leadership. It was not the Soviets who checked out of the nuclear race in 1968 and began to disarm unilaterally. It was the Americans. And it was not Brezhnev or Mao who went, hat in hand, to Washington to ask America's terms for a "relaxation of political and military tensions." It was Nixon and Kissinger who scuttled back and forth to Moscow and Peking, asking the Communist leaders *their* price for detente and the end of containment. (Mr. Brezhnev must glow like the Red Star on the Kremlin towers whenever he recalls the days that Richard and Henry came to Canossa.)

The price Mr. Brezhnev asked for detente was U.S. recognition of Soviet *political equality* with America.

The Soviet Union was willing to live and let live on three conditions:

1. Detente must reflect U.S. acceptance of Communist systems as *legitimate alternatives* to democratic systems. Mr. Brezhnev, a realist, did not require the U.S. Government to become pro-Communist. He simply required it to become anti-anti-Communist. U.S. recognition of the political equality of democracy and its traditional principles with Communism and its traditional principles would officially end the 25-year ideological struggle and the policy of containment.

2. The U.S. must help the USSR make progress toward economic equality. Resisting containment had required the USSR to spend an enormous percentage of its income on armaments. The Soviet civilian economy had consequently suffered. Multi-billion-dollar long-term unsecured loans at low interest rates, for the purchase of wheat and technological equipment, would demonstrate the United States' willingness to help the USSR attain economic equality.

3. The U.S. must grant the Soviet Union nuclear equality. While the USSR had made great progress in nuclear technology since the Kennedy-Khrushchev showdown over Cuba, America still retained superiority. In proof of its sincere desire for a military detente, the U.S. must sign an agreement granting the Soviet Union "nuclear parity."

The 'Peace' Package

On these conditions, Moscow would be happy to have on-going talks with Washington about mutual limitations on the production and deployment of strategic arms, and to accept peaceful coexistence with America.

Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kissinger were certainly not unaware that the acceptance by the United States of the equivalence of democratic principles with Communist principles was moral capitulation. But the domestic political fact that faced Nixon was that the American people wanted to end the costly cold war on any terms that did not seem an immediate threat to their own survival. And Mr. Nixon was up for re-election.

And so it was that Mr. Nixon returned to his homeland, in the spring of 1972, triumphantly waving aloft the "Moscow Peace Package,"* boasting that *he* had persuaded Mr. Brezhnev to accept *his* terms for a relaxation of tensions, and proclaiming that his new policy of detente would bring peace to the West for the foreseeable future.

The American people were overjoyed; the liberals were ecstatic; Mr. Nixon, hailed as the architect of a "new structure of peace," was re-elected in a landslide in November. But Mr. Brezhnev was happiest of all.

And rightly so. Five years of detente have now passed.

*The "package" was three interrelated U.S.-USSR treaties: the Detente Political Equality Agreement, the ABM Treaty, and the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement.

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However good it has been for America, it has been even better for the Soviet Union.

Said Brezhnev in a secret speech reported by British Intelligence to Henry Kissinger in 1973, "We have been able to accomplish more in a short time with detente than was done for years pursuing the confrontation policy. . . . By 1985, as a consequence of detente, we will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe. . . . And a decisive shift in the correlation of forces was such that, come 1985, we will be able to extend our will wherever we need to."

During detente, the U.S. reduced its armed forces by 1.4 million, did away with conscription, cut the Army in half, and lowered the number of Navy combat ships to the level of 1939. By 1976, the U.S. was spending less on defense than at any time since 1950.

During detente, the Soviets embarked on one of the most massive peacetime military buildups that have ever been witnessed in modern history. The USSR now has 4.2 million troops under arms. New Soviet weapon systems have been added one after another. Despite the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement, they have three new nuclear systems on line, and have increased their missile capability beyond the level of "parity." And, thanks to U.S. acceptance of Soviet political equality, and to our new anti-anti-Communist diplomacy, Communism is making steady progress even in NATO countries. Detente has been accompanied by the rise of Eurocommunism and a marked shift of the Third World countries toward Communism, neutralism, or anti-Americanism.

Obviously, detente is something that Mr. Brezhnev doesn't want anybody to muck up. And, in his view, this is exactly what President Carter's "human rights" policy is doing. As Brezhnev sees it, the President has begun to heat up anti-Communist sentiment which, if it should grab the American people once again, could be the prelude to a new policy of containment.

Brezhnev no doubt finds it hard to believe that President Carter may be unaware that U.S. indifference to the fate of freedom and human rights in Communist countries is built into the U.S.-USSR detente treaties.

Detente does leave Mr. Carter free to put the heat on all *anti*-Communist countries who fail (in his view) to observe human rights—for example, Iran, Chile, South Korea, Argentina, Brazil, Taiwan, the Philippines, Rhodesia, and South Africa. Detente also permits him to put pressure on anti-Communist Israel for not recognizing the human rights of the pro-Communist Palestinians. Mr. Brezhnev will have no objections if Mr. Carter denies economic or military aid to any of these countries.

Detente's Meaning

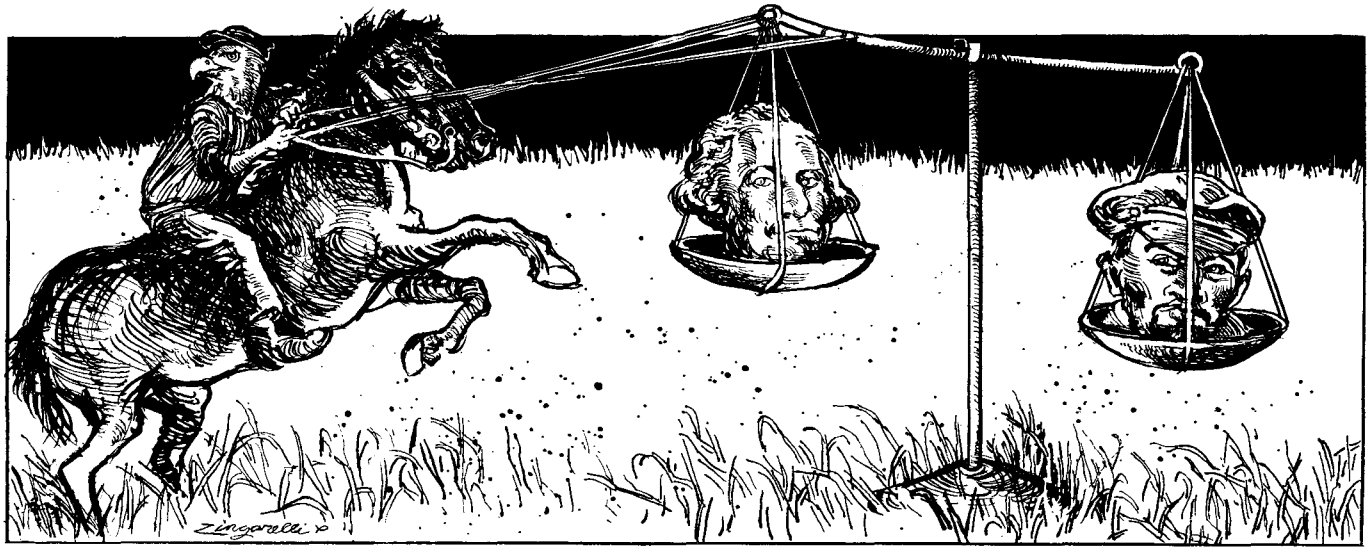
But whether President Carter knows it yet or not, detente and a human-rights policy applied to the Soviet Empire and Communist ideology are mutually exclusive. It is entirely probable that Mr. Carter, fresh from his Georgia farm, has no more idea of what detente is really all about than do the majority of his countrymen.

Detente is about the voluntary U.S. retreat from geopolitical power and the U.S. acceptance of the geopolitical advance of Soviet Russia.

President Carter is entirely right about one thing: American prestige cannot long survive the pursuit of a totally pragmatic and unprincipled foreign policy. But no nation can hope to pursue its principles, with even moderate success, unless it has the power to back them up.

The nations smell American weakness, and, in the world of sovereign nations, there is no more repellent smell to friends and allies than the smell of weakness, and no more exciting smell to enemies. The nations who are willing to "share with us an abiding respect for individual human rights" are growing fewer and fewer in number. There is not too much time left if the U.S. retreat from geopolitical power is not to turn into a rout.

President Carter would do well to sit down and think through his own political philosophy of government. And when he has got his idealistic and realistic ducks in a row, he should then tell the American people what kind of Soviet-American foreign policy would be consistent with traditional American principles, and what sacrifices they would be required to make to support it. That would be moral leadership. □



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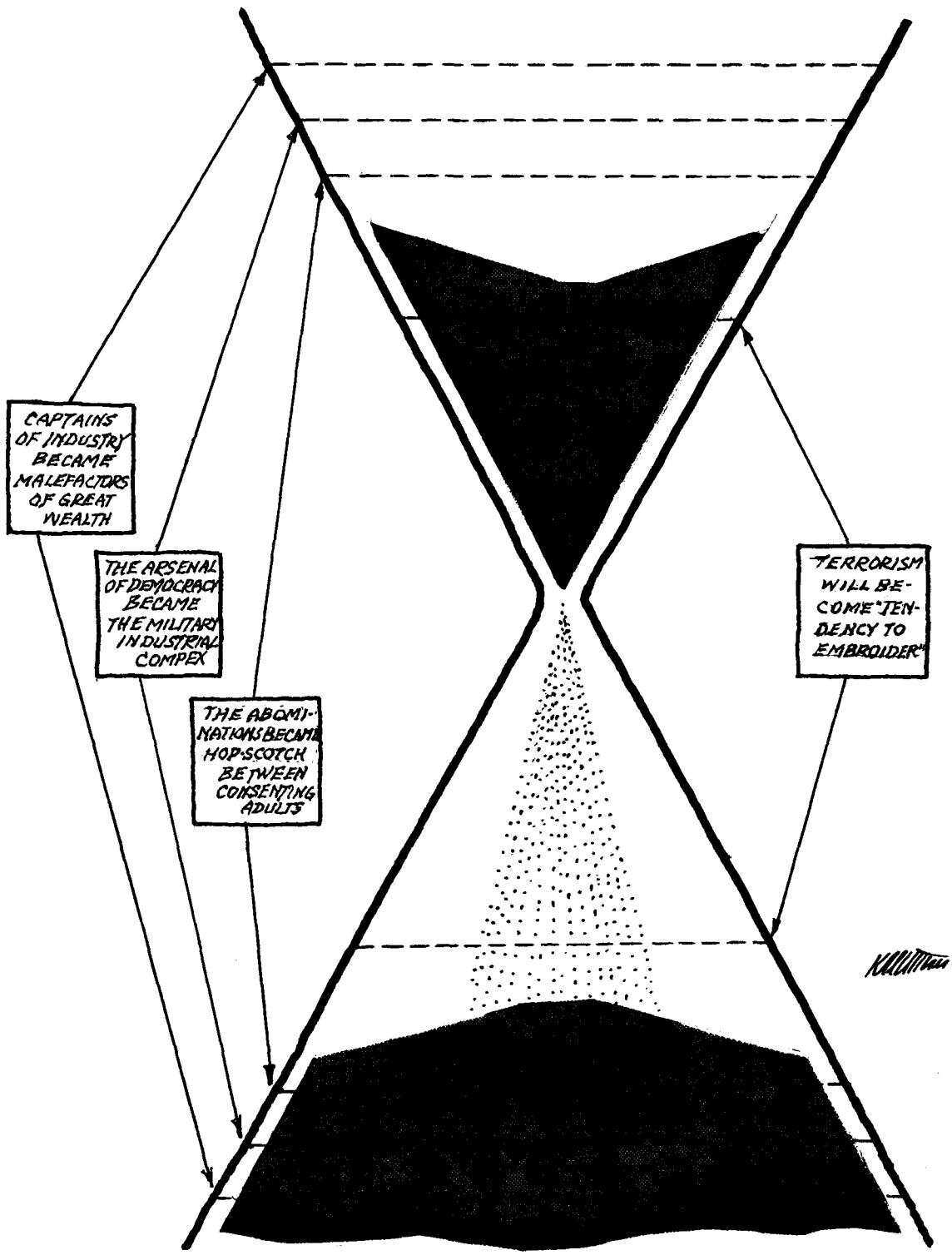
helo !!!!

POINTS IN TIME


CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY BECAME MALEFACTORS OF GREAT WEALTH
THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY BECAME THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPEX
THE ABOMI-NATIONS BECAME HOP-SCOTCH BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS
TERRORISM WILL BE-COME "TEN-DENCY TO EMBROIDER"

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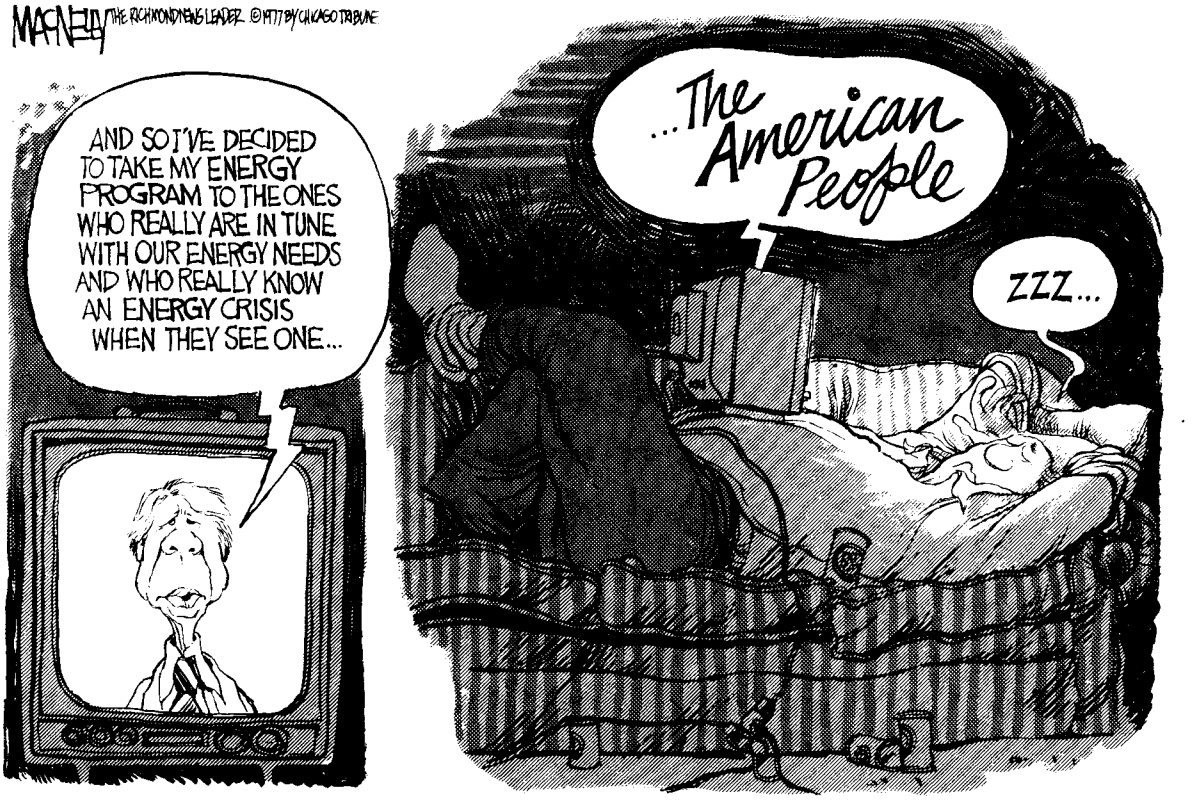
MACNELLY/THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER ©1977 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE
AND SO I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE MY ENERGY PROGRAM TO THE ONES WHO REALLY ARE IN TUNE WITH OUR ENERGY NEEDS AND WHO REALLY KNOW AN ENERGY CRISIS WHEN THEY SEE ONE...
...The American People
ZZZ...

Is This Case Analogous?

The calvaria major, in case you don't know,
Is a tree without many more ring-years to grow.
Only 13 survive on Mauritius, where
It was fecund as long as the Dodo was there.
First the Dodo would swallow the seed pods, an act
Which invited them down its intestinal tract.
Once, with minimal straining, the seed pods were "out,"
They were suitably softened and ready to sprout.
Ornithologists pray that the turkey will do
What the Dodo did nicely before it was through,
But I see the calvaria biting the dust
Like another old party that hates to adjust.

W. H. VON DREELE

". . . If they start rationing gas I won't be able to do as much shopping. . ."

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ROCHESTER'S PRIVATE POSTMEN

It may not—yet—take Aunt Martha's birthday card out to the country, but the P. H. Brennan Hand Delivery Service—Paul, Patricia, Toddles, and Maureen—does handle a thousand pieces of mail a day in downtown Rochester

Their (Dis)appointed Rounds

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THERE IS SOMETHING strange about covering a news story in your hometown, especially if that hometown is Rochester, New York. News is what happens to New Yorkers, Angolans, and other foreigners; Rochesterians, by contrast, confine themselves to normal human activities. Weddings, murders, tearing down the Bausch and Lomb Building—that is about as newsy as Rochester gets; until 19 months ago, when a married couple in their twenties decided to enter into competition with the United States Postal Service.

Nothing in Paul and Patricia Brennan's backgrounds had prepared them for the move. Paul was a 28-year-old former history major clerking for a law firm; his wife had a degree in chemistry and had just quit her job at a cancer research lab. She had come to her husband's office one March day for lunch, when he asked her to carry a letter across the street for him. "Save me eighty cents," he said. This set Pat to thinking; and the result was the P. H. Brennan Hand Delivery Service.

Most of Rochester's businesses are concentrated in an area known as the Inner Loop; many of them deal largely with each other. In order to send a letter across the street (or in some cases, down the hall), a Rochester businessman had only three options: 1) he could deliver it himself; 2) he could hire a special messenger; or 3) he could send it through the mails, with often dilatory results. Pat Brennan offered a fourth option: for two rates (10 cents for envelopes, 25 for folders), she promised regular morning pickups, with delivery on the same day. Businessmen were not slow to take her up on it. One of her earliest clients was the Monroe County Bar Association; word quickly spread through the legal profession. The next large group of customers was the insurance companies. Paul quit his job to join his wife; they moved from the law office library, where she had begun, to a room of their own; they now have two employees and an accountant, and their customers include lawyers, stationers, insurance men, stenographic agencies, office supply firms, and massage parlors. On a heavy day, they may handle up to a thousand pieces of mail.

These activities did not long go unnoticed by the government. In June of 1976 Mrs. Brennan got a call from the

postal inspectors. She referred them to her lawyer. The Postal Service made two appointments and broke both of them. Paul's father, himself a lawyer, suggested they take their case to James Hartman, a local advocate who had argued before the Supreme Court. Hartman was dubious; he advised the Brennans to desist, and they were on the point of glumly agreeing, when the phone rang with a call from an irate postal inspector. "If you don't get them off the street, I'm going to have them arrested tomorrow." That, as they say, tore it. A quick check with the local newspaper revealed that the Postal Service does not have the authority to make arrests; and the Brennans returned to work, while their lawyers turned to their defense. The case, which was presented in U.S. District Court this summer, is clean and clear-cut. There is no question of fact, only of law. The Brennans maintain that the Private Express Statutes, which they have violated, are not constitutional; the government maintains that they are. Because of the nature of the case, there will be no penalty if the Brennans lose (except of course, to their jobs). But they do not expect to lose; and their lawyer intend to appeal, to the top if necessary.

This will not be the first time Rochesterians have challenged the Post Office. In the 1840s, a group of local merchants offered Pomeroy's Express (an associate of Henry Wells, later of Wells-Fargo fame) $6,000 to start a daily service—an act which was not as flagrant as it now seems, for the 1840s were the heyday of private carriers. The Post Office lost nearly a third of its business along the East Coast to illegal competition; many of its own employees worked for black market express presses on the side. In response to these pressures, Congress in 1845 screwed it monopoly up to its present form.

The Articles of Confederation had given Congress "the sole and exclusive right and power" of handling interstate mail. The Constitution struck "sole and exclusive," saying only that "Congress shall have Power . . . to establish Post Offices and post roads"; in practice however, the monopoly was retained: one of the new Congress' first acts was

Mr. Brookhiser, a recent graduate of Yale University, is an associate editor of NR.

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to carry over all "resolutions and ordinances of the late Congress" with regard to postal service. In 1810, these were extended to "any road adjacent or parallel to an established post road"; in 1827, the government moved against foot and horse posts. Railroads went untouched for 18 more years, until finally Congress declared illegal "any private express." The transformation of the Post Office into the Postal Service in 1970 left the first-class mail monopoly untouched; and it is still forbidden to carry letters regularly for a fee over any street, road, highway, sidewalk, footpath, railroad, river, stream, creek, or air lane.

These prohibitions do not extend to other classes of mail, and the Postal Service's grip on these markets has weakened dramatically. Newspapers, of course, have long employed their own carriers. In the class of unaddressed advertising, some dozen private distributors have sprung up. And as of 1972, the United Parcel Service was making 600 million fourth-class deliveries, compared to the Postal Service's 498 million. Even within first-class mail, there survive a handful of increasingly exploited loopholes. Special messenger services have grown fat by making irregular pickups, and some Virginia utilities have begun using their own employees to deliver bills. As rates go up and efficiency goes down, the question is bound to be increasingly asked: Why not extend competition to letters?

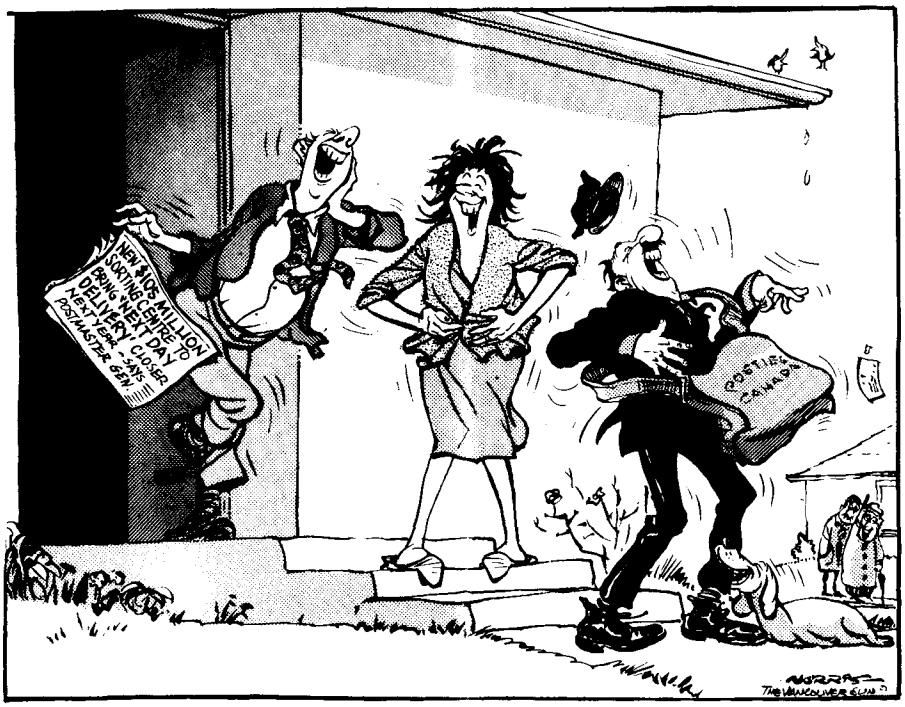
Supporters of the postal monopoly invariably fall back on what is known as the cream-skimming argument. Private carriers like the Brennans will make killings in cities, while leaving the boondocks to fend for themselves—or, as one lawyer put it, "They don't have to trudge 14 miles out in the country to make sure Aunt Martha gets a birthday card." Yet in fact private carriers have done well in some non-urban circumstances. California subsisted on private expresses for several years after the gold rush, during which time the government could manage nothing more than a single office in San Francisco.

A more common version of the same argument concedes that remote deliveries will continue to be made, but insists that they will become uncomfortably expensive. "The cost of carrying a letter from the Isle of Wight to San Francisco is considerable," wrote Bernard Shaw in 1928. "It has to be taken from the train to the ship across the Solent; changed into another ship at Southampton or perhaps at Liverpool; carried across the Atlantic Ocean; then across the continent of North America; and finally delivered at the opposite end of the world. Our reason for forbidding private persons to carry letters is that if they were allowed to meddle . . . the Postmaster General would get nothing but long-distance letters. He would [then] have to put up the price of his stamps." Since 1928, of course, private persons have developed such things as airplanes; and, wherever they have been allowed to handle mail, have discovered other ways of saving money; packaging methods devised by United Parcel have even been adopted by the Postal Service. Is it not reasonable to suppose that if entrepreneurs were given free rein, they could cut costs yet further?

Under competition, there is the added incentive of fear. Lose a few letters, and the Brennans will be out of business. Lose a few letters, and the Postal Service will just keep rolling along

But even more important than cost is dependability. It may be true that the Brennans will not take Aunt Martha's birthday card out to the country—yet. But, in many cases, neither does the Postal Service. Or it delivers it a week late. Or it delivers it crumpled, torn, or otherwise mutilated. Under monopoly, the only incentive to excellence is reward; under competition, there is the added incentive of fear. Lose a few letters, and the Brennans will be out of business. Lose a few letters, and the Postal Service just keeps rolling along.

None of these arguments will have much effect on the Brennans' case as it goes through court, however. "Whether Congress exercises its power in the best way is irrelevant," says the assistant U.S. attorney in Rochester; the only question is whether Congress has it to exercise, and Gerald R. Houlihan is convinced that it has. "There are no court cases which support the Bren-



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

Don't laugh . . . Hilarity may be the answer.

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nans' position," he maintains, and many which rebut it. In 1892, for example, the court affirmed, "When the power to establish post offices and post roads was surrendered by the states to the Congress, it was a complete power and . . . carried with it all the powers which made the power effective." Houlihan finds the Brennans' counterarguments at once charming and flimsy. "Although they make some very literate arguments, they're legally unsound."

Michael Normoyle, the bearded young lawyer who developed most of these counterarguments, thinks they're just fine, thank you. He dismisses the government's reliance on precedent on the grounds that only two of their cases deal with the issue of constitutionality, and they do not do so in depth; and even if they did, *Brown* v. *Board* proved that if precedent is incorrect, it may be overturned.

He further argues that the power "to establish post offices and post roads" does not justify a monopoly. According to Alexander Hamilton (in, presumably, one of the "literate" arguments), congressional power may be deemed exclusive in only three instances: 1) if a certain article makes an explicit grant; 2) if there is a grant to Congress in one article, and a prohibition to the states in another; or 3) if the power is such that no state could share it without rendering it impotent ("Congress shall have Power . . . to establish an uniform rule of naturalization"). Since none of these conditions applies, the power to carry letters must fall under the Tenth Amendment—"reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Even if it does not, Normoyle continues, the monopoly as it now stands is arbitrary and discriminatory. Profits from first-class mail are used as a tax to cover losses in other classes; and the loopholes given to special messengers, United Parcel, third-class distributors, etc. destroy any rationale the monopoly might have. If there is reason to forbid competition in one class, then it ought to be forbidden in all.

He pauses for a breath and smiles cheerfully. "I've never had so much fun on a case."

Meanwhile, neither Shaw nor Hamilton nor the District Court keeps the Brennans from their appointed rounds. Day begins at the coffee shop in the First Federal Building. When the offices start opening at nine, the Brennans start picking up mail. They run four routes, covering a turtle-shaped blob spread over the business district. They ride the city buses, which are free downtown; and by 11:30 they assemble with full bags at the office.

"The office" is a single room on the second floor of an ugly old horror called the Cox Building. It used to be occupied by a tailoring shop—"good luck," Pat explains, " 'cause when they moved out, their operation expanded." They have two desks, a table, and a shelf. There is a lamp without a shade and a vacuum cleaner with one; halfway up the jamb of a side door hangs a clock.

Lunch does not slow the sorting. Pat writes checks; everyone is paid by salary, and every Friday there is a board meeting, with the accountant, in one of the area watering holes

Working for the Brennans just now are Todd and Maureen (addressed by Pat as Toddles and Mo). Maureen started part-time when she was in high school; Todd, just back from a year in Russia, was lazing around the house when his mother discovered that the Brennans needed a hand. "Please don't think we're being rude," I'm told, "but we have to talk and sort at the same time."

Paul comes in, a bit late, heaving an enormous sack. It looks like a heavy day, in which case he wins the pool they all made that morning. They show me a copy of their new logo—a mail plane stuck in a tree. They also have copies of their cancellation—a simple stamp with their name and the date. Philatelists have already been in touch.

They discuss the assistant U.S. attorney (they frequently deliver lette to his office). "Jerry is a nice fello He has to take this a little more se ously than we do—his job is at stak But then so is mine. I guess it's friendly rivalry."

They discuss unions. The Natior Association of Letter Carriers wants become party plaintiffs. Are the ma men hostile? Pat laughs. "They've d covered I don't have horns and fo heads." There was one mailman w was especially unfriendly, until Pat r across him one day, struggling to g into a washroom of the Executive C fice Building. She let him in, and has been pleasant ever since.

I mention winter delivery (Roc ester is said to have nine months winter, and three of bad skiing). "I awful," Pat shudders. "That's not wh you told me when you hired me," sa Mo.

A phone call—a jail ministry gro fishes for a bulk rate. Another– woman in Irondequoit lost a check the mail, wonders if they can help. T Brennans know their share of horr stories—the Post Office just delivered letter to a dead Rochester lawy mailed in 1947; a housewife in Seat left a note in her neighbor's mail sl and the postman confiscated it—t they realize that the government's ma weakness is marginal inefficiency. A marginal cost: when the Postal Servi announced plans for a business r hike to 16 cents, the Brennans g forty new customers in three weeks.

Lunch (sandwiches or yogurt) d not slow the sorting. Pat writes chec everyone is paid by salary, and ev Friday there is a board meeting, w the accountant, in one of the a watering holes.

What will you do if you lose? Tl don't think they will. Have you e lost a customer? "One, and only cause he moved away." It's one o'cl and the outgoing sacks are fina sorted. Pat hefts hers. "Why do you this to me?" Paul, ironic: "Because love you." I leave them to their fi preparations.

Within three hours every letter th started this morning will have reach its destination. The Brennans, like go Rochesterians, will then go home. may be a reflection on the rest of th country, and on the government, th they are considered newsworthy. [

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DOWN MEXICO WAY

No-Lose Elections

CARLOS UNTEL

DURING HIS SIX YEARS in office, the president of Mexico wields powers almost as absolute as those seized by Omar Torrijos or his pal Fidel Castro, the New World's Communist Caligula. Besides, Mexican presidents have a lot more to work with. After all, Mexico is the world's tenth most populous nation, and it has more natural resources than West Germany and Japan combined.

Mexico's chief executive hand-picks the members of both houses of the national legislature, the governor and lesser officials of the 31 states, and the mayors of cities big enough to bother with. The candidates he chooses are infallibly elected by the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI), which hasn't lost an election, or at least an election count, of any consequence in the last half-century.

In addition, this imperial president has the deciding voice in picking executives to run the eight-hundred-odd state-owned (and mostly money-losing) corporations, including newspapers and television chain. Everybody from cabinet minister to the lowliest curve-greaser on the subway system holds office at his pleasure. Anyone who sits on his hat, or who dips too deeply into the till of some board or bureau, may be booted out overnight and replaced by someone who has the confidence, or at any rate the ear, of *El Jefe*. If he wants a law passed, he need only give the word and, lo, it is passed. To have an ambassador recalled or a foreign pal put on the payroll, he need only suggest it. Sometimes a mere hint will do. "*Influyentes*" too well-connected to fire can be exiled, as envoys, to, say, the court of Emperor Bokassa I.

Thus the president of Mexico rules unchallenged, with universal applause, until the very day his term expires. Then, having designated his successor, he is expected, like some mythological king-for-a-day, to fade silently into permanent obscurity. The same goes for his whole horde of higher-level towel swingers, horn blowers, white-elephant milkers, genuflectors, and sycophants. With reasonable assiduity, each of them will have been able to amass a fortune, or at least a competence, depending on his rank and his skill in recognizing and exploiting opportunities that have come his way during the golden years in power. Equipped to face the future unafraid, he is expected to withdraw and give the other fellow a chance at the trough.

Mr. Untel is a veteran foreign correspondent now living in Mexico.

The Delightful Perks

The system ensures docility in party ranks and continuity in party rule. Disappointed in one round, the faithful work grimly on in the hope of better luck next time. Nobody complains of another's thefts, however brazen, unless all hope is gone, and then nobody cares.

Breaches in these old traditions have led in recent years to discontent. Former presidents are taking diplomatic jobs, and the loftier bureaucrats seem increasingly reluctant to leave the public payroll and all its delightful perquisites: special cut-rate stores, chauffeured limousines, and directors' fees paid with stacks of gold coins, not to mention the contributions a public servant can expect from suppliants able to recognize the value of speed in the issuance of the innumerable permits needed to do business in any progressive modern state.

Upon taking office last December, President José López Portillo put into high positions many top functionaries left over from the regime of Luis Echeverría Alvarez, his old friend and predecessor in office. The fruits of victory were snatched from the jaws of many stalwart workers for PRI.

Echeverría's hopes of winning the secretary-generalship of the United Nations had been disappointed. Despite dazzling qualifications for the post—anti-Yanqui-ism, anti-capitalism, warm support for any inflationary project, or any scheme to redistribute the wealth of the viable countries of the West—his candidacy never got off the ground. Thus López Portillo first appointed him ambassador-at-large to the Third World, with headquarters in Paris, and later, when that seemed to leave him too much leisure, made him Mexico's delegate to UNESCO, also with headquarters in far-away Europe. That set the scene for a recent rupture between Echeverría and *his* predecessor and benefactor, Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, and thrust both of them into the spotlight.

One of Echeverría's less deeply pondered acts as president was the abrupt breaking off of all relations with Spain. Spain had executed five terrorists whose only proven crime was to assassinate a few policemen. That act so outraged Echeverría that he canceled air travel and all commercial and banking relations between the two countries as of that instant, leaving several hundred of his traveling countrymen stranded in the "mother country" without valid tickets or money. A lot of Mexican export orders also went down the drain.

Los Peces Gordos

Among those who thought Echeverría's action impulsive was ex-President Díaz Ordaz. Echeverría therefore was displeased when López Portillo appointed Díaz Ordaz his ambassador to Spain last July, and doubly displeased when Díaz Ordaz held his first meeting with the press in Madrid. Díaz Ordaz, a distant and somewhat muriatic personality, branded Echeverría's action in breaking relations as an egregious blunder. With that he earned a place as one of the most ephemeral ambassadors in history, for Echeverría flew back from Paris in a friend's private jet, rushed to Los Pinos, the Mexican White House, and soon afterward had the pleasure of reading the official announcement that Díaz Ordaz had resigned, for reasons of health. Díaz Ordaz took off immediately from Madrid for Berlin, not even taking time to bid farewell to King Juan Carlos I, who had warmly welcomed him only 12 days earlier. The

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episode was powerful confirmation of fears that Echeverría still exercises great influence in the government of Mexico.

Echeverría's administration was notable for having quintupled the public debt, devalued the peso by half, alienated domestic and foreign business, and sharpened class conflicts through encouraging illegal seizures of farm properties. (The López Portillo regime has since agreed to pay the expropriated owners for most of them.) Criticism of Echeverría, muted to almost complete inaudibility while he held the reins, has achieved a high decibel rating in the ten months since he turned over the presidential mace to his successor.

Now that precedents are being broken by ex-presidents holding office and by functionaries clinging to sinecures, the public is beginning to demand that still another old and honored custom be ended. They want public office holders who made off with hundreds of millions of dollars during Echeverría's administration to be brought to justice. Newspaper editorials are demanding that a legal sweep should net, not just the small fry as is usual in such cases, but also *los peces gordos*—the fat fish—who are believed to have taken $4 billion out of the country before the peso was finally devalued on August 31, 1976.

The politicians are understandabl reluctant to cast the first stone. The are keenly aware, to coin a "perverb, that people who live in glass house should never open a can of worms.

Still, pressures for an all-out invest gation of the high-flying, free-wheelin all-pervasive skulduggery in Mexico a rising. It is true that for sound an fury Watergate may never be surpasse but, if a real probe should be conducte south of the border, Mexico-watche predict that Watergate will compare t it, as far as genuine criminal conte is concerned, as a hen-house robbe compares to the hijacking of Fo Knox.

Transatlantic Cheap

AFTER A LONG hassle, Britain's Laker International Airways has finally been granted permission to begin operating its much-publicized "Skytrain" flights. These "no frills, no reservations" flights between New York and London can be obtained for the ridiculously low price of $236 round trip—which may well be less than Leif Ericson would have charged. Already, in fact, the other international airlines are green with envy, and they are coming up with all sorts of innovative plans for getting a piece of the business.

Good morning, sir, and thank you for calling Icarus International Airlines. I'm Jill. May I help you?

Yes, young lady. My wife and I are interested in one of these "no reservation" flights to London. We don't care about frills—just something cheap.

I understand, sir, and I am happy to recommend our new, innovative Hostage Host plan—a plan designed to provide maximum travel at minimum fare. Hostage Host will fly you from New York to London, round trip, for the surprisingly low price of $25 a person.

Twenty-five dollars! Say, that *is* cheap. What's the schedule on these flights?

These are not regularly scheduled flights, sir, but we have one leaving within the hour. The Boeing 747 which will wing you across the Atlantic is warming up on the airstrip right now. Think you could make it in 45 minutes?

Well, I . . . that's pretty short notice!

I know. But the hijackers are anxious to get started, sir.

Hijackers! Did you say hijackers?

Yes, sir, although here at Icarus International we like to refer to it as a Spontaneous Charter Operation. You see, sir, Icarus has worked out an agreement with them by means of which we are being allowed to fill vacant spaces in the plane on a first-come first-serve basis. This innovative new plan is beneficial to . . .

Now let me get this straight! You are suggesting that my wife and I fly to London on a hijacked Boeing 747?

Not *directly* to London, sir. There will be a brief stopover at Casablanca to pick up political prisoners. And sometimes there is a shuttle flight to Katmandu—romantic old Katmandu, set like a gem among the snow-covered peaks of the Himalayas . . .

But this is madness, young lady. Have you considered the dangers?

Have *you* considered the price, sir? And remember that Icarus International takes every precaution for your safety and comfort. Consider these features: 1) before take-off your plane is surrounded by a cordon of policemen and fire trucks, 2) upon entering your compartment you will be issued a bullet-proof vest and a gas mask by the stewardess who will then demonstrate their use, 3) upon arrival at Heathrow Airport in London you will be met by agents of Scotland Yard, plus a co tingent of Beefeater Guards—we fe this adds a note of color and pageant . . .

The hijackers . . .

During your flight you will be serve free hors d'oeuvres, cocktails, gourm meals, and all the Alka Seltzer table you wish. In addition, you will be ente tained by first-run movies on our Se surround Screen, including *Orca, t Killer Whale* on the current flight. A as a special feature, the Gideon Socie provides each passenger with an inc vidual copy of the Bible.

Excuse me, young lady, but what that noise in the background? It soun like gunfire.

POSSIBLY interference on the line, s Icarus International also provides ea passenger with a free $50,000 life i surance policy, and . . .

All things considered, miss, I do believe . . .

. . . and there is free limousine ser ice from Heathrow Airport into Lo don—if you will agree to ride with t hijackers. So if you will just spell yo name for me, sir, and tell me wheth you prefer smoking or non-smokin accommodations . . .

I really don't think I . . .

Oh, and one other thing, sir. Just fo our records: have you or your wife ha pilot training?

—S. L. VARNAD

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SENATE FRAGMENT

Debating Abortion

JAKE GARN

We began consideration of HR-7555 (the Labor-HEW Appropriations bill) yesterday, but by 9:00 P.M. we had not taken up several important amendments. Today, the abortion amendments will be the first order of business.

Section 209 of the bill as reported by the Appropriations Committee prohibits federal funding for abortions "except where the life of the mother would be endangered if the fetus were carried to term, or in the case of multiple sclerosis, or renal [kidney] disease, or other diseases which would seriously deform or debilitate the fetus, or for termination of an ectopic pregnancy, or for the treatment of rape or incest victims." At about 3 P.M., Senator Packwood calls up his amendment to eliminate this Section.

I know what his arguments will be, and he surely knows what my response will be. Our positions on this issue are fixed by our notions of human nature and our views of man's relationship to society and government. Today's debate will not change our minds, for we have come to the Senate floor not to be persuaded, but to see that certain constituencies are represented and certain convictions expressed.

Bob Packwood begins with the only statement uttered during these five hours that meets with no disagreement: "Abortion is the most divisive basic issue [in the country]. It far outweighs . . . any other issue of temporary or permanent significance." He recites the burdens of the poor and the fact that the non-poor will be able to obtain abortions regardless of the outcome of today's floor fight. Congress now has sole discretion over funding abortions, he says, and fairness demands that we fund them.

In fact, the Supreme Court's three decisions of June 20 (holding that there is no constitutional or statutory right to tax-paid elective abortion) have eliminated the old arguments that Congress has a constitutional duty to provide tax-funded abortions. I believe the Court's decision will help renew the principle of judicial restraint and help re-establish the constitutional prerogatives of the states and Congress.

Senator Percy engages Senator Packwood in a friendly colloquy and asks those cooperative questions reserved for such occasions. He takes a different tack from Senator Packwood, citing the economic necessity for abortion and making what I believe to be disparaging remarks about anti-abortionists. His speech angers me and I rise to make my only speech of the afternoon. I speak for no more than ten minutes, but I make plain my anger. I speak of the more-moral-than-thou attitude of many pro-abortionists and I deplore the coercing of those who oppose abortion into paying for this heinous practice. In this Republic people must, of course, pay for things they do not favor, but a forum for reconciling such conflicts is available. That forum is the Congress, and I have risen to express and defend the interests of millions of Americans, many of whom are not powerful enough to defend themselves.

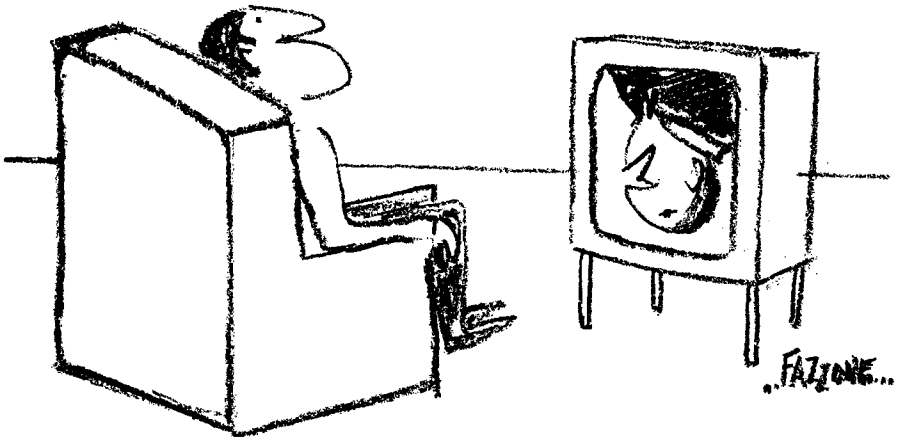
As Ed Brooke speaks in support of the Packwood amendment, Senator Percy comes to my desk and asks what it was that I found so offensive in his speech. He offers to go over the transcript with me and make apologies if he has maligned anyone. I explain that the text itself may not reveal the offense because it was the sarcasm and innuendo, the laughter he prompted in the galleries, to which I objected. I think I judged his tone fairly, and several colleagues privately agreed, but he is deeply troubled that his words caused offense. He has been truly a gentleman.

Senator Brooke finishes his statement and Jesse Helms responds: "I [have] listened with great interest to my able colleagues. . . . They dragged out all the clichés, carefully avoiding the bottom line. It is well that they should, because it is understandable that they do not want to confront the inevitable basic question, the only one that really matters. And that, Mr. President, is the deliberate termination of an innocent human life."

Pete Domenici now makes perhaps the best short speech of the day. He speaks articulately, extemporaneously, criticizing those who have argued for abortion on economic grounds. He also briefly refers to the history of the life-devoid-of-value philosophy and predicts a tragic future if we take that philosophy as our own.

Senator Helms now moves his substitute amendment, which would restrict federal abortion funding to those cases in which the mother's life is endan-

(Continues on page 1319)



". . . There is nothing wrong with your television receiver . . ."

Mr. Garn is the senior U.S. Senator from Utah.

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Strange Alliance

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE SOVIET UNION'S highly visible, if not entirely successful, efforts to dominate Africa—its aid to the guerrillas in Mozambique, Angola, Somalia, Ethiopia—give rise to an extremely important question: Are we in the Western world acting, in effect, as partners in the Kremlin's foreign policy?

This spring, the prestigious *Neue Züricher Zeitung* published a long open letter from the leaders of the Swiss colony in Rhodesia, protesting the European mass media's warfare against that country. Having been in Rhodesia twice in the last eight years, I can only confirm every word they say. False and tendentious information is spread relentlessly. For example, a few days after that letter appeared, the Austrian Radio Corporation informed us, presenting it as a striking new breakthrough, that Mr. Ian Smith was relenting, and had ordered desegregation in hotels, restaurants, movie houses, and so on. Now, at the Ambassador Hotel in Salisbury, where I stay, about 20 per cent of the guests and an even larger percentage of the diners in the restaurant are Africans. The last time I was there, a woman belonging to the Opposition told me that this might be so in the Ambassador, but no black would get a room in Meickle's, the poshest hotel in town. So I went to Meickle's and told the room clerk that I wanted a room for a black business friend from Nigeria. The manager was consulted; he confirmed the reservation immediately and inquired about the flight in order to meet him at the airport. (My embarrassment at having to cancel the fictitious arrangement was more than made up for by what I had discovered.)

But that example of minor misinformation is all too typical. Is it widely known, for example, that the Rhodesian police force is 80 to 90 per cent black, the army at least 50 per cent? True, there are zoning restrictions, but even African politicians are in favor of them, lest white and, especially, East Indian traders drive blacks out of business. And there are certain "African monopolies," established not by law but by gentlemen's agreements—intercity transportation is one of these, and the black "busing czar," Mr. Sumariva, is worth at least $2 million.

Another seldom-reported issue is guerrilla terrorism. Its cruelties are spectacular, consisting either of murder (especially of missionaries), or of torture and disfigurement of blacks who collaborate with the "imperialists." Ears, noses, and lips are cut off; widows have been made to eat portions of their murdered husbands. And these horrors are financed by the World Council of Churches (I have evidence in the form of canceled checks) which explains that its contributions to the guerrillas are for medical supplies. But since the money is paid over in cash, who can tell whether it is pills and bandages or bullets and knives that are purchased?

I WANT TO concentrate here on Rhodesia, which will not be with us much longer unless the momentum toward "one man, one vote" is reversed; but a word needs to be said too about South Africa, where an extremely delicate transformation is under way, which cannot easily be understood by outsiders. Needless to say, Austrians rarely get to South Africa or read truly competent books on the subject, such as Allen Drury's critical but fair *A Very Strange Society*, in which he confesses that he knows of no rational alternative to the policy of geographic separation. (He disapproves—as I do—of petty apartheid.) Even those who do venture to this complex country find it terribly difficult to interpret what they see. I have visited South Africa twice. The first time I saw a lot, reported faithfully—and, I now believe, understood practically nothing. Ten years later, having studied the case, I returned and, swallowing my pride, completely reversed my judgment. I do not approve of everything the government does, but I do not doubt its good will.

And there is even less reason to doubt Rhodesia's good will. The West's reaction to the Rhodesian case borders on the fantastic. The whites are portrayed as bloodsuckers, oppressors, monsters, fiends. What have they done to deserve these epithets? Before colonization, bloodcurdling wars were fought between the Matabele and Mashona; if the white men do quit, the battle will flare up again between ZANU and ZAPU, no matter what preventive measures the British and UN commissions take. The result would be not "democracy," peace, prosperity, and mutual understanding, but another Angola—if not another Vietnam.

So Communism is knocking at Rhodesia's door, aided and abetted by the United States, its President, and its Congress. But why?

Misinformation, I am sure, is only part of the answer. Even the sense of guilt and a desire to make indirect amends for uncharitable treatment of black Americans does not explain it. The main factor is ideological. The continuing failure of the liberal West to understand the Communist drive for world domination, the hope that the Communists will change their "methods." But Communism can never give up its methods. The Inquisition was a late-adolescent disease of Christianity appearing 1,200 years after its inception and disappearing with its maturity; but the *Cheka* was born with Communism and has, in various forms, survived as integral to Communism ever since.

There is another ideological factor too. Democracy is essentially political equality and majority rule. For a minority to rule is considered a crime; therefore, we must destroy the state of Rhodesia, consign to outer darkness those of its white minority who do not flee, and allow the black majority to be enslaved by a new, black minority. Ian Smith seems finally to have realized what is in store, and to be prepared to surrender his country "peacefully" to the Washington-London-Moscow axis—which so far has benefited only Moscow—and to the various gangs of terrorists waiting to send Rhodesia along the road that Angola and Mozambique have taken. □

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The NEA Plans Our Future

In Washington, the lobbyists of the National Education Association are reported to be threatening President Carter that if he doesn't soon give them everything he promised in last year's campaign, they will not endorse him for re-election. What they are demanding is: a separate Department of Education; expanded federal programs in vocational training; still more federal money for "inner city" schools; and power, all power, to the educationist ideologues. They mean to shape America's collective future to their liking, and the devil take obscurants.

Late last spring, Mr. Richard L. Harris, Maricopa County (i.e., Phoenix, Arizona) School Superintendent, became so disturbed at the NEA's power-drive that he sent out to many men of business a letter describing what the NEA means to do to America's economy, and urging them to resist by promoting "career education" and the teaching of economics in schools. He enclosed with his letter a page of excerpts from an NEA document entitled 'A Working Economy for Americans."

That publication is intensely hostile toward the "private sector"; it repeats like incantations many of the shallow slogans of the New Left. Here are some specimens:

"The profit-motivated operations of private business have led to inequalities of wealth and income, unemployment, inflation, urban blight, pollution, and other problems. As corporate power has grown, so has the need for government to regulate it. . . .

"Ways must be found to make private corporations more readily accountable to the public. One possibility is to require that corporations, now chartered under permissive state laws, be chartered by the Federal Government if they engage in interstate commerce. . . . This proposal would put consumer representatives on the boards of directors of corporations, establish strict rules against monopolistic practices, provide for disclosure of now-secret business information, and guarantee civil rights to employees. . . .

"The National Employment Priorities Act would require corporations to supply ample notification and justification of major employment shifts and alleviate the financial loss to affected workers and communities.

"As industry has moved out of the Northeastern metropolitan areas . . . the cities have found themselves under substantial budget pressure and in desperate need of federal assistance. . . . Federal funding of education also would alleviate local and state burdens."

And much more—all in praise of centralization, elaborate regulation, higher federal taxation, fantastically increased federal expenditures, and, of course, more money and more power to the Educationist Lobby. Superintendent Harris, in Phoenix, objected manfully to this propaganda.

"America stands at a crucial point in history," Richard Harris wrote. "America's future depends on her economic freedom. Either governmental economic coercion or the people's freedom to buy, sell, and exchange will prevail. This is the struggle and America's freedom is at stake."

Amen to that. Yet the NEA's detestation of America's competitive economy is mild by the side of certain other social designs which educationist activists proclaim. Consider a grandiose scheme for the public schools to replace the social functions of the family, being discussed nowadays in various educationist quarters. One of the more bold and succinct versions of this ambition was published late last year in *Educator's Newsletter*, a Washington-based bulletin. Mr. John Boyles, the *Newsletter*'s editor, came out for an enlarged *in loco parentis* doctrine.

After commending the collectivist nursery schools of Eastern Europe, Boyles wrote, "There appears to be no alternative to acknowledging that we have created a way of living in which public employees will perform a significant fraction of functions traditionally left to families." He went on to remark that "Marx, and other theoreticians of social change—Lenin, Gandhi, Mao Tse-tung—have all spoken of the necessity of destroying the traditional fabric of family life in order to accommodate the needs of society undergoing economic transformation."

With seeming regret, Boyles noted that some teachers and administrators resist new custodial functions for the schools. They cannot hold back the tide: "The day is therefore fast approaching when the schools will be acknowledged for what they are becoming: society's agreed-upon vehicle for institutionalizing social change." He proceeded to outline some details of this cheerful prospect. In the school system of the future, all children will be automatically enrolled, at birth, in an Infant and Child Health Program. At age two, they will become eligible to attend standard day-care programs. School-age children will attend from nine to five daily, plus optional custodial care. "Preventive medical care and immunization services will be provided at all schools as part of a comprehensive national health system."

Schools, meanwhile, will be integrated with other community services. "Curriculum and programs in schools will come more and more to reflect long-range planning goals . . . Thus, if the nation adopts 'energy conservation' as a national goal, there may well be a federally mandated educational program . . . in every public school in the nation." And more of this. Let us love Big Brother, as America's schools become "part of a comprehensive human services system which fulfills many of the functions traditionally assumed by the family."

In the meantime, our public schools, or many of them, are now centers of disorder which fail to impart even the most basic intellectual disciplines. But thought is so painful, grand-scale action so charming! Jimmy Carter, you have been warned. □

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Not What We Had in Mind

The Professor of Desire
By Philip Roth
Farrar, 263 pp., $8.9

HUGH KENNER

An event, yes of course, an event. Philip Roth writes the way Saul Steinberg draws, his string of sentences a clean uncluttered line that recrosses itself only when the crossing has evident business, encompasses in its deliberate meandering the likenesses of realities we know and fantasies we can recognize, surrounds the spaces of these with such authority we hardly realize how little was actually specified, imputes an illusory connectedness to all it encounters, and (finally) leaves us to reflect that what has occurred has been as abstract (though as fecund) as a pen-nib's adventures. Rubens Steinberg isn't, nor is Roth Henry Fielding. Their works are distillates: of our experience of painting, our experience of fiction.

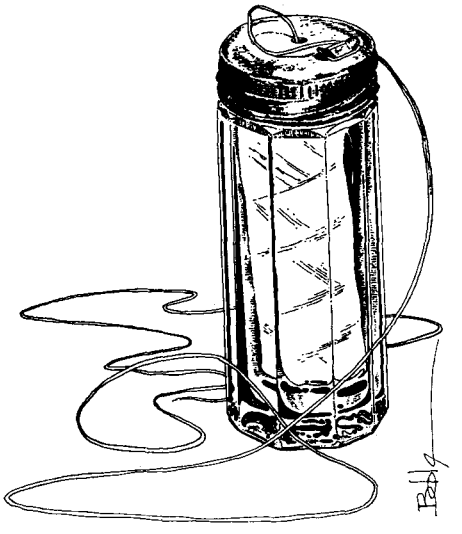
They both like a deft joke too, Roth notably in titles. *Portnoy's Complaint* exploits every sense of "complaint" in the OED, and as for *The Professor of Desire*, he 1) professes desire, declares its hold on him; 2) professes desire as religious profess their vows; 3) takes pains to profess what he cannot always feel; and 4) is a PhD with lesson plans for a seminar on erotic novels. He is, in short, a professional.

THE FIRST WORD of this book is "Temptation," the last is "bed"; those are the points its kinky line connects. And it insists on illusoriness from the opening pages, when the boy-narrator's first mentor (one Herbie Bratsky) proves to be a virtuoso of illusion, his specialty, toilet sounds. He does them all with his tongue and lips. "I am really getting down to a science how it sounds when you pull the paper off the roller."

Oral/anal to genital (and a bow to Papa Sigmund): within thirty pages the fastgrowing apprentice to this sorcerer has gotten down to a science how you sound to yourself when you fall in love, and the rest of the book traces serial episodes of this, each paling into the discovery that it never seems to last.

He tells it all—narrates the book—in the first-person present tense ("When I get back to the flat I undress her"), which makes what we're reading a marathon right-now re-enactment (gotten down to a science), a stand-up imitation of his earlier self, when he did all those imitations of the total lover, and meant them.

Roth's last joke is in the last sentence, where the phrase "my fear of transformations yet to come" will remind his fans that the sequel to this book (his tenth) was written some years ago as *The Breast* (his sixth).



Our narrator is the same David Kepesh who was (is to be) metamorphosed into his engulfing obsession, a gian female breast. Since the excuse for tha book was Kafka's *Metamorphosis* which opens with the bland announcement that when Gregor Samsa woke up he'd become a giant cockroach, it's clear why in this book Kepesh also metamorphoses into a Kafka expert.

To this end, in a dream (dreamed in Prague) the long-forgotten Herbie Bratsky (of the toilet-paper roll) metamorphoses into a Czech guide (still the mentor), taking Kepesh to an arcane marvel ("Would you like to meet the whore Kafka used to visit?"); this is possible because "I told her you are a distinguished American authority on the works of the great Kafka": as always, the imposed falsity. It's a violently funny dream, mixing whoredom and academe: she tells "what she did to arouse the author of—'Name Kafka's major works in the order of their composition. Grades will be posted on the department bulletin board.' " It's no funnier, stranger, than a number of other surrealisms Roth's agile line limns.

—A man takes a pickup back to her apartment. She demands to be tied to the bed. He ties her with what's avail

Farley Clinton *is a freelance observe of contemporary religious habits. . .* **Ronald De Feo** *is a literary critic liv ing in New York. . . .* **John Greenway'** *latest book is* The American Tradition A Gallery of Rogues. . . . **Hugh Kenne** *is a professor of English at Johns Hop kins University. . . .* **Edward Meadows** *is a professor of economics at the Univer sity of South Carolina.*

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ɔle, 12 yards of dental floss. ("Took ıe 45 minutes.") He then slips out to ɛtch her other desideratum, a fix, only ɔ realize he doesn't know either her ame or which high-rise building she ves in. Afterward for weeks he looked ı the *Daily News* "to see if the cops ad found a skeleton tied to a bed with ɛntal floss over on the decadent East ide."

—A woman recalls her childhood at 8 Fern Hill Manor Road: "The only ɛxcitement came at mealtime. Every ight when we got to dessert my father ıid, 'Is that it?' and my mother burst ıto tears."

—A cashiered academic in Russian-eld Czechoslovakia explains the dearth f boy-scout heroics: "Sir, I have made ıy position known. The entire country as made its position known. This way ɛ live now is not what we had in ıind. For myself, I cannot burn away hat remains of my digestive tract by ɔntinuing to make this clear to our ıthorities seven days a week." "And ɔ what do you do instead?" "I trans-.te *Moby Dick* into Czech."

The book lives by these vignettes; its ıain narrative line isn't its life, being dropping, a sagging, a saddening. For fter the Swedish miss who fulfills every berated-Nordic cliché, after a wife too apped in a Somerset Maugham past ɔ redeem a husband trapped in a hilip Roth present, after a Kafkaesque mbo also (in a Manhattan apartment, ith an intercom worked night and day y the previous tenant's queer chum), .epesh finds (hearts, fiddles) the ex-mplary undemanding perfect girl, and ı a long diminuendo finale lives with er in the slowly gathering knowledge ıat this too will pass.

"Oh, innocent beloved, you fail to nderstand and I can't tell you. I can't ıy it, not tonight, but within a year ıy passion will be dead. . . . Toward ıe flesh upon which I have been rafted and nurtured back toward some-ıing like mastery over life, I will be ithout desire. . . . And robbed by hom? It always comes down to my-lf!"

A poignant ending, as he clings to er in this bleak knowledge. Such is the ook's craft, I wish I liked it better. hough full of wry music, it's lacking.

Lacking? Yes, lacking any save the olipsistic knowledge the first-person convention both imposes and excuses. We're left, as the line runs off the page: ither to agree that life is simply like hat, desire the root of all love but its ulfillment its annihilation, or else to protest unassisted that life isn't; for if we protest the book will be perfectly compliant but will furnish us no mate-ials. Try to bring Roth to our side, and Roth vanishes; there's only Kepesh. Clobber Kepesh, you clobber all. Yet Roth won't let us say he's Kepesh.

"This way we live now is not what we had in mind": the Czech professor's wisdom is so far as one can tell the sum of Roth's. True enough, and sustained by the deft line of sentences, as they wind round and through so many valid unsatisfactorinesses. And as when we've perused a drawing of Stein-berg's, we're impressed chiefly by the empty space that has been made to yield so many indications. It's not a self-congratulatory virtuosity, as of Nabokov's origami butterflies; it's real poignance that's touched, and always left behind, and always left to seem an inflection of spaces. □

A Moment of True Feeling
By Peter Handke
Farrar, 133 pp., $7.95

PARIS BLUES

RONALD DE FEO

Though Peter Handke, the young, widely acclaimed Austrian playwright and novelist, writes very short novels, they are not to be read quickly. Indeed, if one zips through *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick* and *Short Letter, Long Farewell*, one may just conclude that they are not novels at all but, rather, unfinished, unrefined products, mere sketches and reflections for possible books. Even the careful, conscientious reader may not always be convinced that they work as novels, noting their failure at times to develop either dramatically or thematically. But such a reader is always aware of Handke's talent: his wonderful eye, which focuses on the absurd details of everyday life, and his ability to take apart the world and put it back together again after having revealed its mystery and menace.

Though the novels are brief, they are quite ambitious and more complex and dense than they may appear to be at first. *The Goalie's Anxiety*, which can be read simply as an account of an inarticulate man's increasing alienation and mental disintegration, demonstrates the disparity that exists between the private, inner self and the self that is projected to the world by means of the spoken word. *Short Letter, Long Farewell* (in which Handke draws upon his experiences in America) can be looked on as a travel journal of a vaguely depressed foreigner who has recently separated from his wife. But examined more closely, it is an account, among other things, of a man trying to impose some order on his life and on a world he sees as fragmented and strange. To succeed fully, both novels require a certain "creative" effort on the part of the reader. It is necessary for him to work with the author. In a sense, the challenge adds to the books' appeal—intellectual appeal, I should say—for the serious reader must constantly reflect and interpret. The meanings, messages, what have you, are not simply laid out before him.

One of the problems with Handke's new novel, which seems to me the least successful of his books, is that just about everything is laid out for the reader. In fact, *A Moment of True Feeling* is a surprisingly clear-cut work for this usually "difficult" author. *A Sorrow beyond Dreams*, Handke's beautifully written and very affecting memoir of his mother, was also quite straightforward, but the directness was attractive and welcomed. Here it is merely irritating. Handke wrote *A Moment of True Feeling* in Paris, but obviously that fabulous city did not inspire him the way various American cities did in *Short Letter*. If anything, Paris was an unfortunate influence, for throughout the book we sense strongly, too strongly, the ghosts of various modern French writers—Sartre, Camus, Drieu La Rochelle. Consciously or unconsciously, he covers pretty much the same existential ground that these men covered decades ago; covered, one must add, with far more urgency and

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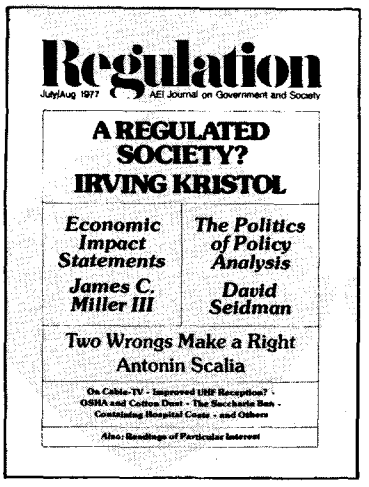

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conviction. Often we feel that the pro tagonist, Gregor Keuschnig, a pres attaché for the Austrian embassy, i merely posturing and posing as h wanders Paris in disgust, plagued by th senselessness of existence, a loss of self and an inability to respond to humanit with anything but contempt. The cata lyst responsible for his sudden and ex treme sense of alienation was a night mare he had in which he killed an ol woman. The dream supposedly colore his entire world. This is an interestin idea, but it would be better suited to story that proceeds less realistically Here the author's hand is too obvious And given the fact that little is mad of the nightmare after Keuschnig be gins his wandering, the cause seem even less convincing.

Handke's descriptive powers are fre quently in evidence throughout th book. He is particularly good at captur

ing the strangeness of street activity movements of both people and thing At one point, he describes a fair breeze blowing through trees: "In th light of the street lamps . . . th branches had the look of hard blac tracery, in and out of which leaves, tha seemed illumined from within, played game of light and shadow. One had t prick up one's ears to hear the move ment of the leaves; no rustling, only soft, almost eerie breathing." Unfortu nately such passages alternate wit those detailing Keuschnig's banal an awkwardly analytical thoughts: "May be, if I feel as though I hadn't exper enced anything in a long time, not unt last night at least, it's because I ha decided in advance what an experienc is." "What, thought Keuschnig, is m dream of life? I will forget my certaint by losing myself in a dream of life."

Often Keuschnig's thoughts are s direct, unsubtle, and bland that we ar tempted to regard the book as a parody

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It Didn't Start with Andrew Young

Here's a book that will explain to you (as only Bill Buckley can explain it!) why the U.S.'s "outspoken" new UN Ambassador may well be the perfect man for the job! (Get your copy now — while our small supply lasts — and **SAVE A FULL $5.00!)**

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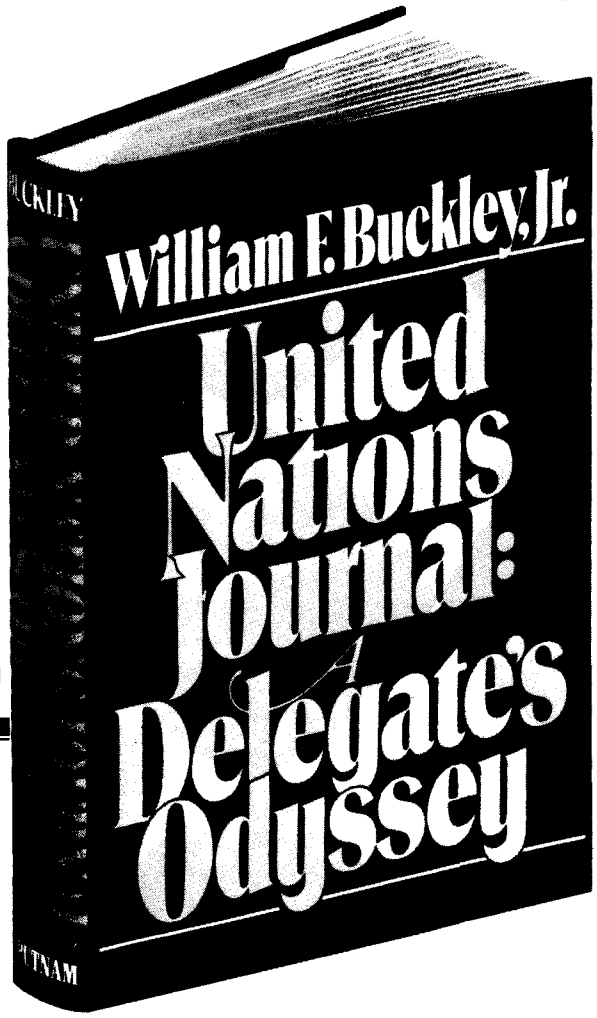

If you think the attitude of our present Ambassador to the United Nations is something new (and/or embarassing) then by all means get your hands on a copy of Bill Buckley's "United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey."

This fascinating book, a behind-the-scenes look at what the UN is *really* like, shows you why Andrew Young should feel right at home in the Tower of Babel by the East River.

Buckley paints a picture of an organization almost out of control, choking on its own verbiage, ignoring major problems while going on endlessly about relatively minor matters -- e.g., Jimmy Carter's new concern for Human Rights (*Buckley's* special concern while at the UN), is promoted on paper but little or nothing is actually done to guarantee them. At the same time, by a sort of "gentlemen's agreement," not a word is said about flagrant Soviet violations (sound familiar?). And bureaucratic shackles make sure that no one rocks the boat. When Buckley suggested, for example, that Solzhenitsyn be invited to address the General Assembly, he was told it would *take five years to complete the necessary preparation!*

Indeed, this intriguing book takes you on a first-class guided tour of an organization Alice might have found harder to explain than Wonderland. What goes on daily at the UN may almost defy belief but, if only in self-defense, every concerned (and informed) American ought to know about it.

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"What prompted William F. Buckley, Jr., to accept an assignment as a representative of the United States to the United Nations? 'Pure, undiluted Walter Mittyism,' he confesses, and his fantasy that he would hold the delegates 'spellbound as I read to them from Solzhenitsyn, as I described the latest account of concentration camps in Mainland China, as I pleaded the case of the ballet dancer Panov.' Buckley's stay at the United Nations did not produce such scenes. What it produced instead was his *United Nations Journal,* 'the most delightfully interesting civics book in a long time, and probably the first.' "
-- *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*

"Thoroughly readable, perceptive, and highly informative."
-- *The San Diego Union*

"A very enlightening view of the world's most expensive debating society."
-- *The San Diego Union*

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-- *Sunday Oklahoman*

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of the novel of existential despair or, more specifically, a parody of a Peter Handke novel. But as the reader moves from page to page and from one tight, intense passage to another, he realizes that Handke is completely serious. And he also realizes that that is the big problem. For it is virtually impossible to take *A Moment of True Feeling* as seriously as it takes itself. □

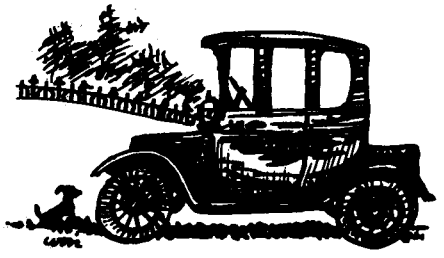
Murder of a Gentle Land: The Untold Story of Communist Genocide in Cambodia
By John Barron and Anthony Paul
Reader's Digest/Crowell
240 pp., $9.95

CAMBODIA DELENDA EST

JOHN GREENWAY

If the 600,000-word vocabulary of the English language were adequate to make a tragedy out of a statistic, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres, thy knotted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine. But when "genocide" is used to describe federal refusal to fund abortions for the promiscuous poor, what is there left in Roget to call the extermination of as much as a quarter of the Cambodian population in less than two years?

If the enigmatic madmen who constitute the *Angka Loeu*—the "Higher Organization" of the Khmer Rouge that filled the vacuum created by our own perfidious abandonment of Cambodia —had retained the wherewithal, this first clear cacocracy in history would certainly have obliterated the gentle nation as the Romans extinguished Carthage; but the *Angka Loeu* destroyed not only people, cities, civilization ancient and modern, but even plows and salt. All paper with writing on it—down to school spelling lists and personal identification—went down the flaming Memory Holes. Hospitals were the first buildings to be forcibly evacuated by the Communists, their occupants ambulant and bedridden thrown into an historically unprecedented Death March to Nowhere; towns were erased and New Villages thrown up on the perimeters of destruction (only to be evacuated and destroyed in turn); native and Western culture and technology were in effect vaporized; and the only artifact to be assiduously preserved was the hoe, as the cheapest implement to execute criminals. When in George Orwell's *1984* all laws were replaced by the one offense "Thought-crime," criminals were appointed, not indicted; when the Khmer Rouge found laws to be an obstructive nuisance, "Memory Sickness" took their place. While the Communist Cambodian delegates were cheered from the floor of



that whited sepulcher on the East River, single couples in Cambodia were having their necks chopped through with hoes for holding hands or calling each other "darling"; married couples accused by their children of quarreling were served likewise; and all former soldiers, civil servants, and government employees—and their relatives—were summarily executed. One *Angka Loeu* official simplified liquidation by declaring that only one million people were needed to build the new Communist Jerusalem in Cambodia's green and pleasant land, so village commissars could do what they pleased with the six million supernumeraries. If the Khmer Rouge have not reached their goals for exterminating Cambodian citizens, their delay can be overlooked in the face of their success in exterminating Cambodian culture. Since April of 1975 they have taken Cambodian civilization back some ten thousand years to the early Neolithic.

In the frenetic pace of American book publication any title that does not make a best-seller list in two months

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER: Michael Harrington has escalated. In 1960 he published *The Other America*, an account of how the American system oppresses its own poor. Now he argues, in *The Vast Majority: A Journey to the World's Poor* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95), that "We sincerely and unwittingly participate in that system that makes children leprous in Bombay, furrows the foreheads of women in Kenya, and turns Indians in Guatemala into drunkards. We the people of America are, in our cruel innocence, at the very center of the system." . . . Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward have stumbled, in their book *Poor People's Movements: Why They Succeed, How They Fail* (Pantheon, $12.95), onto the chief "contradiction" (as the Marxists say) of socialism: namely, that to the degree that the leaders of the proletariat are successful in their work, they cease being proletarians and turn into rather powerful and well-heeled members of the ruling managerial classes.

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: Christopher Lasch has written an intelligent book! In *Haven in a Heartless World* (Basic, $15) he insists that the preoccupation with "mental health" is destroying the nuclear family by turning parenthood into a profession and by fostering the notion of divorce and open marriage as "creative" acts. . . . In *55 Days: The Fall of South Vietnam* (Prentice-Hall, $12.50), Alan Dawson provides a detailed description of the event, and offers a horse-laugh to the bigoted people who prophesied a "bloodbath." . . . Pete Hamill, the columnist, has written a novel: a pleasant bauble about a prize-fighter whose best friend, and finally best bedmate, is his mother. The book is called *Flesh and Blood* (Random House, $8.95). . . . A former Secretary General of the UN, Mr. U Thant, has completed his memoirs, entitled *View from the UN* (Doubleday, $10), in which this devoted public servant is revealed to have breasted sixty crises to every one of Richard Nixon's. . . . Agatha Christie wrote *An Autobiography* (Dodd, Mead, $15) between the ages of sixty and 75, during which time she maintained her customary reclusiveness.

■ DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHO-DRAMA: *Jimmy Carter and American Fantasy* (Two Continents/Psycho-history Press, $8.95) is a collection of psycho-historical essays, edited by Lloyd de Mause and Henry Ebel, whose intention is to compare Carter's psyche with the public personality to which the voters responded. One writer attributes the "inscrutable" Carter personality to the fact that the do-gooding Miss Lillian was as neglectful a mother as Eleanor Roosevelt.

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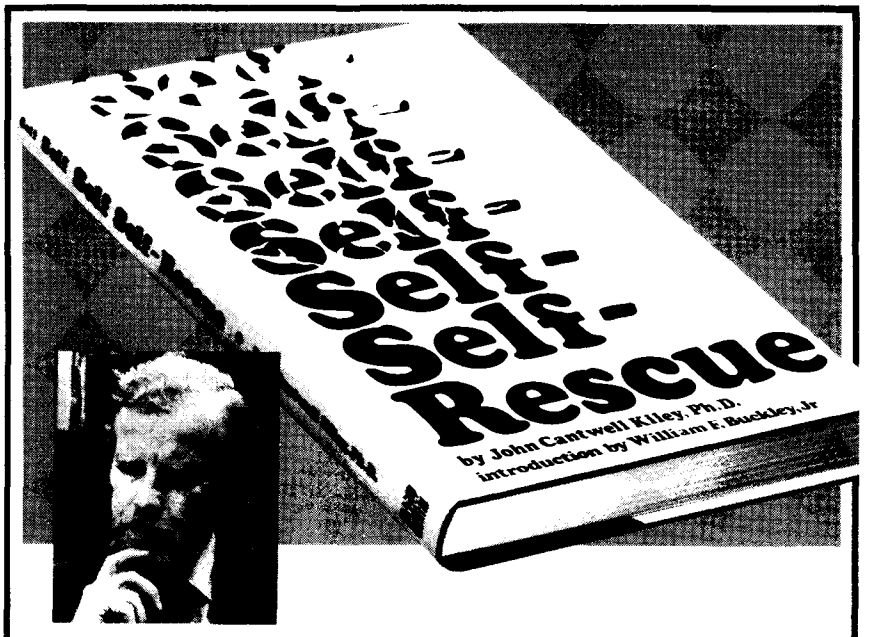
vanishes as if it never was. *Murder of a Gentle Land* came silently into the world nearly a year ago from the popularly despised Reader's Digest Press, received scarcely a mention in the liberal press, which finds more space to urge turning over the Panama Canal to a "Marxist." Yet it continues to be a nail in the liberal knee.

The unctuous Carter Administration responds to questions on the Cambodian horror by suggesting that perhaps the number of dead runs to only five figures, and anyhow, since we do not recognize the Cambodian government, why should we recognize its actions? Our Trust Me government continues its malign neglect, finding no profitable reason for including Cambodia in its weltering blather, waffle, and bumf about universal Human Rights. A nail in the knee is after all only a temporary inconvenience, so we may yet witness another President and his Lady bowing and scraping and genuflecting before still another pack of odious Oriental despots. And who can doubt that when the *Angka Loeu* gets around to establishing a public relations ministry to improve its image, some U.S. journalist will rush to put in his three days of research on foreign soil red with blood and Communism and come back to tell us how nicely the fallen Death Marchers were trampled flat as pancakes into modern Cambodian roads?

ORWELL THOUGHT salvation lay in the proles. For once he was mistaken. Our proles made that execrable book *Roots* and its interminable dramatization into the entertainment event of its year, though if they had traded one chapter or one episode for a visit to the library they could have found even better examples of the horrors of slavery than Haley and his opportunistic *brioles* disclosed—for example, such dramatic vignettes as black African slave-trading chiefs chastising their uppity subjects by tying them to trees and cutting away their lower jaws, letting them drip to death: and all this without the assistance of white men. People who are content to get their information about slavery from Chicken Charlie and knowledge of Communist social stabilization from Andrew Young will not appreciate so disturbing a book as *Murder of a Gentle Land*; but for the rest of us, it is another *Camp of the Saints*, a prophecy of terror come true. □



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G.K. Chesterton: Radical Populist
By Margaret Canovan
Harcourt Brace, 175 pp., $10.95

PEA GREEN, PINK SPOTS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

What a very nice book this is. I say that at once, because the title, though unexceptionable, may put other readers on their guard as it did me: one suspects an exercise in revisionism, a gleaming-eyed conscription of an author too long in his grave to resist. But Mrs. Canovan has no desire to "claim" Chesterton. She merely seeks to do justice to his political thought, respectfully expounding it and just as respectfully criticizing it. The result is judicious and readable.

There is what looks to me like a Chesterton revival under way, and high time too. Is there a more refreshing writer in the world? Yet nobody has taken his political thought very seriously lately, except perhaps Garry Wills, whose *Chesterton: Man and Mask* (may it come back into print!) is the finest study of all. Chesterton is usually treated as a quixotic "character," and his Distributism can easily be dismissed as one of his eccentric affectations, like the famous cape that sailed behind his great globe of a body. To speak of a "populist" in England is to flirt with the flippant paradox of which Chesterton himself is often accused.

Yet Chesterton was serious about politics, and Margaret Canovan is serious about *his* politics, which she recognizes as an extension and application of his amazingly diverse sensibilities. One may disagree with him, and with her in her distinct positions; but it would be a mistake to dismiss the Distributist stance without profiting from the insights that underlay it. The recovery of a lost cause is an act of intellectual gallantry, and there is something stimulating and ennobling about participating in it, if only as a reader. Mrs. Canovan even throws new light on some of Chesterton's lower prejudices, without for a moment suggesting that they were other than low. I am reminded of Richard Weaver's remark that the truly educated man is capable of entertaining the dialectical opposites of the views he actually holds. Chesterton is so remote, at least superficially, that he can't even be called opposite anything, which makes the achievement of delineating his position all the more laudable.

Chesterton was a man without a party, and Mrs. Canovan begins with a sensible note on the inadequacy of political taxonomies, particularly those that think of political ideas as constituting a continuum or "spectrum," as we say nowadays. Such schemes are usually built to encompass the popular ideologies of the moment and to suggest that these span a total range of conceivable positions: the extreme Right, the extreme Left, and Us Moderates, to take a crude and common example. Chesterton found himself estranged from all the parties of his day, Conservative, Liberal, and Socialist. Though he had at first tended to agree with the prominent progressives —Shaw and Wells, for instance—he soon realized that they stood for a more rarefied form of the imperialism he deplored in nationalists like Kipling. They too placed their faith in forces that dwarfed men, forces that would inevitably triumph. "And," as he wrote, "I do not like inevitable triumphs." Only brute things like death were bound to win. Truly human victories were always upsets. In his brilliant book on Shaw he opposed the strong and evident idea of reform—a determinate improvement made by brave and just men—to the timid and passive idea of progress—letting things follow their own course, and calling the result improvement. Christianity, he observed with his typical insight, was the only religion that ever gave God credit for courage: that was part of the glory of the Incarnation, that the Creator put Himself at the mercy of His creation.

Chesterton believed in the primacy of the local. In trying to make themselves larger than man, men made themselves less. The mainstream of politics was repugnant to Chesterton because it brutally ignored "little things; neighborly things"; the home, the pub, the shop, the church, where real human life went on: "I discovered that not only was I against the plutocrats, I was against the idealists," whose visions were too grandiose to respect life on a merely human scale. Out of this knowledge that every man needs his own small area of sovereignty came Chesterton's Distributism—the doctrine that real property should be parceled out equally to all citizens. Socialism, he thought, would amount to disguised plutocracy, leaving the poor at the mercy of the state—which would be the effective owner of all that it was empowered to distribute. Distributism would scatter both land and power, giving everyone a base of privacy and liberty. It would be the opposite of every form of centralization, whether capitalist, socialist, or nationalist. The key to Chesterton's politics is that it is based on ordinary human affection and what he saw as the necessary conditions of its fruition. All institutional reform was to have reference to that principle.

BENEATH the Distributist position of Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc (and not many others: it never caught on) is a deeper instinct about property. Aristotle expressed it when he called property a "predicable" of the human person, and the medievals expressed it in their condemnation of usury as unnatural. It is a suspicion of abstract or depersonalized property of the kind that arose with modern capitalism—wealth increasing autonomously, without direct proportion to effort. Marx protested the alienation of labor from surplus. The Southern Agrarians of the Thirties (some of them Chestertonians) protested the alienation of man from his substance in modern capitalism. The author of *God and Man at Yale*, an advocate of religion *and* of capitalism, protested the alienation of the university from its titular owners. There obviously could be no consensus among all these men, nor even a common premise, but there is a sort of instinct of personality uniting them (except for Marx in his "scientific" aspect) against those liberals and socialists who are content to immerse themselves in what William F. Buckley Jr. scornfully calls "anonymous institutional idealisms." Chesterton hated anonymity. He held that the justification of property was that it gave inartistic men scope for self-expression:

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"The average man cannot paint the sunset whose colors he admires; but he can paint his own house with what color he chooses; and though he paints it pea green with pink spots, he is still an artist; because that is his choice. Property is merely the art of the democracy. It means that every man should have something that he can shape in his own image as he is shaped in the image of Heaven."

Mrs. Canovan is not only an incisive expositor; she has enough imagination to connect the Chesterton who loved Dickens with the Chesterton who loved freedom. Even the reader who has never heard of Chesterton can know and admire a considerable portion of that considerable man through this graceful little book. □

THEOLOGY

Teilhard
By Mary and Ellen Lukas
Doubleday, 360 pp., $10

THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SERPENT

FARLEY CLINTON

This new biography, *Teilhard*, by two sisters, Mary and Ellen Lukas, provides a little fresh information about the ambiguous Jesuit. Repeatedly condemned by the Church, he aggressively exhorted priests to "give a new meaning" to the central Christian mysteries: Creation, original sin, Incarnation, Redemption. He called himself a "pure Force." He demanded to be accepted as the founder of "the religion of the Future."

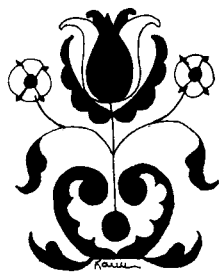
His blood had produced the chief literary opponents of the Pope and the French religious orders; his father's family was that of Pascal; his mother's, that of Voltaire. As a boy he was repelled by catechism; he did well in most of his subjects, but never in religion. Man and boy, he disliked the fundamental ideas and moral attitudes usually associated with elementary Christian doctrine. "I have always found it impossible to be sincerely moved to pity by a crucifix," he proclaimed to friends when he was 52, explaining his aversion to "the idea of sacrifice," "the interpretation of baptism" accepted in the Church, and "the point of view of the Bible and the Epistle to the Romans."

At 14, as a student in a Jesuit preparatory school such as French aristocrats patronized in the 1890s (however superficial their religion), he happened to get a "modernist theologian" as a teacher. This man, Henri Bremond, carried to most extravagant lengths his belief that mystical writings are a higher, purer source of information about "the essence of religion" than the teachings of the Catholic Church; the bishops, the teachers of the Church, he dismissed as incompetent to understand, condemn, or correct the mystical authors. Of these authors, he was particularly devoted to those known as Quietists, who were placed under excommunication because they discouraged meditation on the sufferings of Christ, rejected the ideas of sin and penance, accepted all forms of sex (but especially masturbation and free love) as compatible with the enlightened soul's Christianity, and went often to Communion, with no preparation or thanksgiving, no prayer or repentance. When spirituality took this form, Voltaire's nephew accepted it. By the time the young Teilhard determined to join the Jesuit order, in 1899, four encyclicals had already been aimed by Pope Leo XIII at Bremond's friends and allies, who were spreading unconventional views on all subjects.

These condemnations counted for nothing with a student like Teilhard, who considered that "the function of religion is to spur on the progress of life." He rejected explicitly Christ's sermon on the mount (not a suitable ideal for men today); he rejected the belief that God is all-powerful and made the world from nothing; his favorite idea, put forward again and again in such essays as "The Priest," "The Mass on the Universe," and "The Divine Milieu," is that the whole earth, with all its (heh, heh, heh) *vital energies*, should be what the Host at Benediction, or the Child of Bethlehem, or the Figure on the crucifix, had been to all previous Catholicism.

"Christ" will be, for Teilhard's disciples, *everywhere*. Thus the Eucharist will cease to "be treasured for its own sake," and in fact "the historical Christ is becoming less and less substantial and distinct to me"; *a fortiori* it is a waste of time to seek Christ through some emotional devotion approved by the Church, or through studying the workings of grace in the heroic Christians who are beatified or canonized at Rome. But sex, and cruelty, and any form of curiosity (even that of the Nazis regarding their victims' capacity for pain) are divinized, mythologized; an expression of the holiest energies. True to this view, he stood alone in praising the First World War; some of his earliest hymns to human progress were composed near the battlefronts where men were torn apart by ultramodern bombs, and driven mad by diabolical gases.

He talked to influential Jesuits for forty years. He was not allowed to speak publicly from 1925 to 1946. From 1925 to 1939 his own membership in the Jesuits (as his letters make quite clear) was only formal; he hardly ever lived in a Jesuit community, his superiors had no knowledge of his real movements. But he hailed the election of Father J. B. Janssens as General of the Society of Jesus as a victory for himself and his friends. He was right. Janssens called him back to Paris, he was allowed to say anything, his condemnation by the Pope was defied, Jesuits who admired him were given the order's magazines and seminaries to reshape.



Meanwhile, according to gossip widely circulated even during his life, his *vital energies* impelled him into affairs of the heart with a series of rich and brainless ladies. This aspect of his career, which was prudently underplayed by earlier biographers, especially interests the Misses Lukas. No, they offer no light on the interesting speculation that Teilhard posed nude for the famous sculpture that his close friend, Mrs. Swan, made of his head. But it is evident that, for that rather tough looking American divorcée, Father Teilhard was, ah, oh, just Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik*. The Lukases are indignant that he trifled, stupidly, with her

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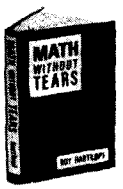

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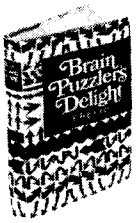

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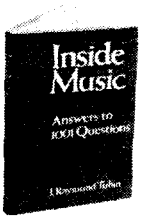

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affections. They print a few passages from his love letters. These are worthy of the author of "The Divine Milieu": they exhibit the same will to power, the same sentimentality, the same wordiness.

It is a pity that the Lukas sisters do not understand his politics or the general drift of his ideas. His admiration for the German Nazis was affirmed many times, and he opposed the admission of Negroes to the United Nations; but the Misses Lukas—without denying these facts—somehow give quite another impression. Yet, on the whole, they are more honest than Teilhard's earlier biographers. □

THE ZEITGEIST

PISTOL-WHIPPED

EDWARD MEADOWS

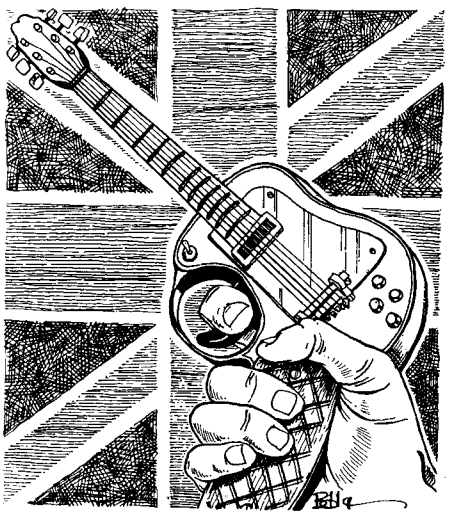
God save the Queen
A fascist regime
God save the Queen
Made you a moron
God save the Queen
She ain't no human being
And there's no future
And England's dreaming.
—"God Save the Queen,"
The Sex Pistols

The Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen," which is the national anthem of British New Wave rock circa 1977, hasn't got a single filthy word in it. Yet the record's banned on all the radio stations and barred from every retail store. The Sex Pistols are prohibited from performing in England (they're exiled to Amsterdam). Still "God Save the Queen" is in the top five on the hit lists, and Labor Party MPs stand foaming at the mouth, swearing to "destroy New Wave before it destroys the nation."

But the wimpy MPs have got it backwards, any New Wave punk will tell you. It's the bleedin' Labor Party that's destroying the nation. New Wave rock music is music of working-class rage—at the empty promises of the welfare state, at the eternal dole and the double-digit inflation and the double-digit unemployment, all of which leaves young working-class Brits holding the empty bag. It's easy to sing of peace and love when you're pulling down $100,000 a night on tour. It's fun to play the dirty hippy when you know all the time you can shave off the hair tomorrow and go to work in pa's law firm. Peace and love? The New Wave answers back with a song of its own, titled "Hate and War."

New Wave, descended from New York punk rock, is just now blossoming in England. The music scene is fresh, exciting, a renaissance to recall the rock explosion of the Sixties. But New Wave is the very antithesis of the now jaded and faded Progressive rock—the Beatles, the Stones, and all that. New Wave is best described as industrial strength hard rock—the hardest of hard rock, mean, no frills, four-chord rock, amplified till it burns your ears off. New Wave musicians and their fans don't go for kinky sex, nor any bleating whiny protest lyrics, nor any hokey drugged mysticism. They go right for the jugular. The music is charged with the energy of depraved political anger. And the fashion is to be as utterly unfashionable as one can be. New Wave kids stroll along King's Road wearing short hair, heavy black eye makeup, razor-blade earrings, and tee-shirts that say, "Hitler Was a Punk Rocker." The more devoted fans wear swastika pendants and safety pins through their cheeks.

The anti-chic of New Wave finds clearest expression in the vicious, snarling song lyrics, in the nasty satires New Wave bands do of "rich-kid" hippy rock, even in the names of the groups. There's The Clash and The Damned and The Adverts and The Stranglers and The Unwanted and The Stiffs. The short-haired, trashily dressed anti-stars of these groups go by such names as



Johnny Rotten (lead singer for The Sex Pistols), Richard Hell, Rat Scabies. And Gloria Steinem would be appalled. New Wave bands are aggressively chauvinistic toward women; female New Wavers don't do much for the cause, either. The hottest all-girl New Wave band goes by the name of The Slits. Another all-female group calls itself Snatch. And if any fur-lined radical-chic fat-cat rock critic for *Rolling Stone* magazine should leave the safety of his chauffeured Rolls to enter a New Wave rock club and survey the scene, he's likely to get laid out quick. In the words of one New Wave fanatic, "If there's one thing that makes me take up arms, it's bored rich-kids treating my life as this week's trend."

Of all the New Wave bands, only The Jam has yet officially aligned itself with the Conservative Party. But most of the groups lean toward the (Neo-Nazi) National Front. This, of course, is just too awfully embarrassing for the trendsetters who'd love to neatly package New Wave and hawk it in the U.S.A. They lust to rip New Wave off, turn it into a trend, commercialize it, use it up, and make a killing in the process. But right-wing rock is utter blasphemy to your average cocaine-sniffing Manhattan-posh rock writer. He can't handle it, so he dismisses it as a passing fad, or he ignores it altogether. However, money is to be made, and every American record company has its scouts in every London punk club, searching for New Wave acts to sign.

And the vultures follow the jackals: pop psychologists are crawling out of the woodwork to "explain" this terribly sick, sick New Wave movement. A Harvard sociologist is already skulking among London's New Wavers, interviewing the poor dears for a trendy new book, which will doubtless decry the sad failure of these angry kids to see and understand the fruits of state socialism. But the kids see and they understand. When you finish school and can't get a job so you have to live at home with your parents and go on the dole, when you haven't got a hope of any future at all, then you're backed up against the wall. And if you're young and ripe, you're not about to keep quiet, to maintain the stiff upper lip of your frightened parents, as Britain goes down the bleedin' toilet.

Actually the New Wave movement

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1½ cups chopped celery, 3 bay leaves crushed
1 tsp. crushed oregano, 2 cups dry bread crumbs

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could be a healthy development, a purgative for the self-delusions of British life. The time for decorum may be past, and the punk kids have thrown British reserve to the winds. Why should you stand around being subserviently decent when your nation is dying and your future is dying with it? What better time to point the angry finger, to offend those who, in the name of propriety, acquiesce in the political and economic failure of a nation? If the working-class, out-of-work youth weren't spending their energy on their hard new music, they'd be venting it in more vile ways. Music is their only voice. And, as the rock of the Sixties did for its generation, New Wave gives these kids, the damned, something that's their own, a sense of community, of shared adversity. There's something touching about it all.

It's not likely that New Wave will sweep America. For, despite all the bland denials of appalled American rock critics, New Wave is, at base, right-wing political protest. And American kids haven't got so much to protest about: unemployment and inflation are worrisome problems here in the States, but nothing like the British disaster, and not nearly so directly traceable to the bankrupt policies of state socialism. No, the New Wave is born and bred of rage against the Labor Party, the Board of Trade, the unions, and long-haired hippy-dippy-chic rich-kid poseurs who don't have to worry because they've got it made. Peace and love? Hate and war! It's not pretty, but then it's not meant to be. □

DELECTATIONS

SONG OF SACK

NIKA HAZELTON

Jerez is *en fête*. The sherry capital of the world—in southern Spain, south of Sevilla—is celebrating the Vendimia, the annual grape harvest that will make more of the wine which was famous before Falstaff praised it.

This is a town of dignified white houses and iron-work balconies; in the *bodegas*—the monastic long, low, windowless white buildings in which the sherries age—parties fill the night, beginning with ice-cold, bone-dry, straw-colored fino sherry drunk from small tulip-shaped glasses; going on to dinner well after 11 at night; and ending with marvelous exhibitions of flamenco dancing and guitar. The streets are crowded with the people of the region (farmers, vineyard workers, workers from the new factories outside the town), and the part of the park reserved for the fair is jammed with booths of every kind, food and drink prevailing.

The nice thing about the fiesta is that it is for the people themselves, not for tourists. There is a parade, not very different from a small-town American parade. There is the annual queen, the young daughter of one of the sherry producers, with her damsels: all dressed in the ravishing flounced flamenco costume that we think of as Spanish dress. Seen as a group, the queen and her ladies look like a lovely bouquet of flowers. The costume is worn not only by the queen and her court; throughout the city, many girls, down to two- and three-year-olds, are to be seen in these dresses, patterned with flowers, polka dots, anything merry, and set off by the large round earrings, the tightly drawn hairdo spiked with a flower.

Nor can I forget the raised platform in the fairgrounds where, under a blanket of canned music, anybody can practice the art of flamenco dancing. Two small, rather ragged girls imitate closely a group of four young women in street clothes who must have ambitions to dance as a group. They do it well, and the children are busy recreating the complex hand and finger movements that are such an integral part of the dance, reminiscent of the dances of India and Bali. Four middle-aged housewives on the other side of the platform also feel the spirit of the dance overcome them. They too, have the rhythm in their blood.

SHERRY GRAPES grow in strikingly white chalk vineyards on rolling hills not visible from Jerez. (Here I would like to say that anybody interested in the rather complex system of sherry-making should write me and I will send full details, too lengthy to publish here.) The hills are crowned by the low white sheds, under a very blue sky. Sherry is not known by vineyard or vintage. These identities are subsumed in the *solera* system, a collection of three or more superimposed barrels in which wines of the same type and quality, but

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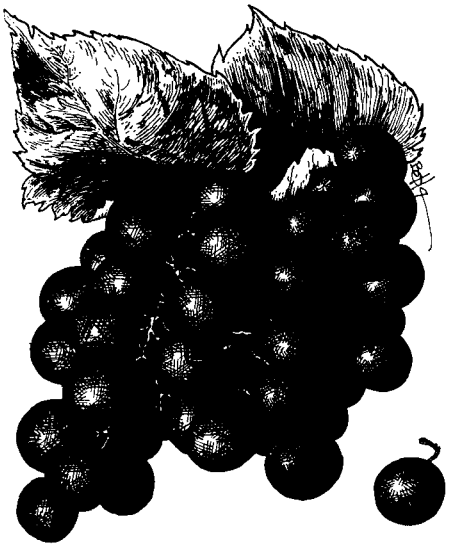
of different ages, are progressively blended as they mature. In the dim, high *bodegas*, the stacks of barrels, interrupted by sustaining columns, are an awe-inspiring sight.

We visit all the famous sherry houses —Gonzales Byass, Domecq, Williams and Humbert, and Sandeman—tasting some of their sherries. Fino should be drunk chilled (Tio Pepe and La Ina are the brands best known in America). I keep bottles of it in my refrigerator, for good sherry is the best sip of all aperitifs, to my mind. Amontillado is darker, stronger, and should be dry, clean, and nutty to the smell and taste (sometimes it is sweetened, and not so good, I think). Oloroso is even darker, very rich, and, even when dry, with a bare trace of sweetness because of its richness; the sweetened olorosos include cream sherry. Which ones to choose? There are differences—not as great as between Bordeaux and Hermitage, but still definite differences—between the sherries of the great houses. Choose the wine that you prefer and can afford. A bottle of good Spanish sherry costs around $5 to $6 and is worth it.

ALL SORTS of events are part of the fiesta. The queen attends all functions, such as the ballet show where she is eulogized by the local poet in a charming, old-fashioned manner. She is at the prize-giving for the most deserving vineyard workers, at the bullfight, and at an extraordinary concert of famous flamenco singers and guitarists that takes place in the bullring, before thousands and thousands who crowd every inch of the ring, the very arena, while the artists perform on a platform. Jerez is famed for its flamenco singers, and that evening two ladies known throughout Spain, but originally from Jerez, were slugging it out. One is large, middle-aged, and in blue, the other large, midde-aged, and in red; they are not, as one might think, at all comic, as they almost scream their songs and dance the stylized steps. The public is transported and silent when it approves, heckling when it does not; one set of guitarists retires in anger. And all this under the Andalusian night sky.

There are many luncheon and evening parties where you stand and stand and stand, sipping glasses of fino from the half-bottles in which it is sold in Spain. Sherry should be drunk reasonably soon after the bottle is opened, the dry finos more so than the darker



sherries. The party of parties is given by the house of Domecq, as stylish and aristocratic a family as ever there was, and very good at business. First, in a beautiful courtyard, we taste a fantastic variety of young and old sherries, many of which are not on the market. The offering is most generous because the wines are not replaceable, and the complexity of the old, dark-brown sherries is the kind of taste and smell experience I've had rather less than half a dozen times in my life. Then we go on to the family estate in the country—green and luscious with trees and flowers in the arid Andalusian countryside—for lunch, more flamenco, and a mariachi band especially imported from Mexico, a country beloved by one of the Domecqs. The afternoon ends at the family's private bullring, where the bulls raised by the family are tested for the big time. Having one's own bullring, you must admit, is *class*. □

The GIMLET EYE

COMRADE YURI

D. KEITH MANO

The Marxist Center (CPUSA) is overplumbed. Friend, you have never seen so many pipes in one room. I'll go along with water, steam, sewage—but some of this hardware has to be fake. Bolshevik romanticism, that's what it is. Finger grub marks on the wall are romantic. And draught-pushed dust balls. And a fold-away cot. And posters—Che, Lenin, Marx, Winston, Zapata, also WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S IRE—posters that elbow patch the splintering plaster. It's six steps down from West End Avenue at 107th Street: not an underground Communist organization exactly, more of a split-level. The joint stinks from radical sentimentalism. This is what your ideal subversive cell should look like: in a bad Clifford Odets play. Danger and suffering and comradeship and send out to Burger King between the acts.

BUT YURI ANTIPOV, third secretary for the Soviet UN delegation, isn't what you'd call a Valentine's Day card. There are two basic Russian male faces (the economy can't punch out more). 1) Brezhnev walking-bear type: can file iron down with its chin stubble. 2) High-cheekbone, Oriental-from-Caucasia, Tussaud-complexion type. Yuri is type 2. Handsome, self-confident, passionless, blood-let, frightening: could probably impregnate himself and break off children amoeba-style. Got up like a Kansas farmer for church (Good Will-drop blue suit, maroon tie with knot so fat it might be diagnosed as goiter). Yuri will address these New York Communists. Subject: "The Party in Russia." He isn't real ecstatic about it. He has ignited capitalist Marlboro #3. Somehow no one points out the SMOKE/IRE sign.

"How shall I introduce you?" The cell nucleus fawns on Yuri. "Mr.? Secretary?"

"I think I am Comrade. No?"

"Of course. Yes. I should have known—but it's hard in this country, in this environment."

"Mmm. The room is dirty. You might want to clean it up." So much for Bolshevik romanticism.

"A good suggestion, Comrade. But there are very few of us."

Few and mossed-over. New York Communism carries a cane, uses Efferdent, has one shoe with the top cut out for bunion growth. Eight dozen people, I guess; I guess two dozen are under forty. Comrade is not too happy. All things considered, he'd rather be in Pinsk. He reads gibberish: a handwritten speech, verbatim: detente hasn't done much for his English. The fourth secretary, I think, must be unintelligible. Someone yells, Louder: louder won't help. Fifteen minutes of this and Yuri will entertain questions. The questions entertain him. His English goes up to second secretary. →

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

CYNICS WHO THINK that nothing good can issue from the United Nations may wish to revise that estimate on reading *The Future Supply of Nature-Made Petroleum & Gas* (Pergamon Press, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523).

Not that either cynics or naïfs are likely to rush out and buy a doorstopping book that runs to more than 1,000 pages, abounds in technical talk about petroleum geology, and retails for $40 a copy. But those who can be persuaded to obtain and read this UN-sponsored volume will find it a definitive answer to the contemporary funk about the presumed exhaustion of our fuel supplies.

The book is a compilation of 57 learned papers presented at a global energy conference convened last year by the United Nations Institute for Training and Research and the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis. The contributors are petroleum experts from every corner of the world, and their assembled erudition is as impressive as their intelligent cheer about the future is refreshing.

While the contributors differ in degrees of optimism, the net assessment is that the world is nowhere near to running out of oil and gas: hundreds of billions of barrels and trillions of cubic feet of these resources will come on stream through new investment in exploration and technology called forth by rapidly rising energy prices. Odd that a UN-sponsored conclave featuring many collectivist states (including the USSR) should be so much more alert to the manner in which free-market pricing balances supply and demand than is our own American Government.

Similar conclusions emerge from Professor Neil Jacoby's *Multinational Oil* (Macmillan, $3.95). Jacoby not only shows the rapid upward surge of proved reserves as demand converges on supply, but presents a mass of evidence proving that the international petroleum industry, outside of OPEC, is not conducted as a "monopoly." By every relevant index of performance—freedom of entry, market shares, prices, profits—the petroleum business is intensely competitive, and for better than two decades has been getting more so.

The petroleum industry speaks its piece directly in two recently published volumes concerning vertical integration and proposals for divestiture. These books, entitled *Witnesses for Oil* and *The Future of American Oil* (American Petroleum Institute, 2101 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037; $6.95 each), consist of testimony offered in Congress by spokesmen for Exxon, Union, Texaco, Amoco, and other petroleum companies, as well as by independent academics such as Edward Mitchell, Thomas G. Moore, and Richard Mancke. The resulting torrent of data anent industrial concentration, profit margins, and the cost-effectiveness of integrated structures fully confirms the verdict of Jacoby.

IF ALL OF THIS be so, what accounts for the declining production of oil and gas in the United States? The answer to that question is provided by a group of American economists and engineers in *Options for U.S. Energy Policy* (Institute for Contemporary Studies, Suite 811, 260 California Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94111; $5.95). Authorities including Henry Rowen, Arthur Wright, James L. Sweeney, and Robert Pindyck demonstrate that the petroleum shortfall in this country stems, not from natural depletion, but from the price controls on oil and gas imposed by the Federal Government—encouraging consumption, discouraging production, and thereby infallibly creating shortage.

This book also contains informative discussions of peaceful nuclear power (in favor), environmental issues of energy production, and the ideological, as opposed to scientific, nature of the drive for continued energy regulation. While all the essays are first-rate, Pindyck's and Sweeney's analyses of the dollar costs of regulation are essential reading for any serious student of this question. □

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And he has a smile: it's full of convenient, superior naïveté: it's, God, a Russian put-on.

Old Woman: This bothers me. Why was Trotsky left out of the Encyclopedia? And why has every single Soviet leader since Lenin—am I right?—been retired in disgrace?

Yuri: *(The smile.)* Yes, you're right. A good question. I don't know why Trotsky was eliminated from the Encyclopedia. As for our leaders, there was much internal problems. It created an atmosphere of tension—that in higher levels would . . . ah, require some adjustments. But the time will come, sooner than you expect, sooner than I expect, when changes will take place. There is a new generation of Marxist-Leninists—I am one of them—who can explain themselves and aren't afraid of the past.

Older Woman: Is it true that there are no women in the Politburo?

Yuri: Yes. I don't really want to answer. I wish I knew why. Yes, it's also true that 99.9 per cent of people vote in Russia *(The smile.)*—99.9 per cent every time.

Still Older Man With 600 Power Eyeglasses: Why are Jews not allowed to emigrate? *(Hissing. Sighs of, "Here we go again.")*

Yuri: Any citizen is allowed to emigrate. It's up to them if they prefer to defect or go get a visa. I personally have many Jews as friends and they don't want to emigrate. *(The smile.)* Perhaps others don't agree because they haven't such friendly neighbors as I.

Student: The bourgeois press made such a stink about—I hate to ask this question—about Czechoslovakia. I know they're wrong, but—

Yuri: If you know they're wrong, then I also assume you know the true answer.

Student: Yes . . . sure . . . I'm sorry.

Worker Type: I've read your new draft constitution. It's too soft. "The right to inherit property." How much property? You include the right to respect someone's religion. I'm hostile to religions. And where are the words dialectical or historical materialism? Marx doesn't appear. *(On and on. The cell nucleus tries to shut him up. But Yuri has signaled, "Let him go on." He lights up Marlboro #8. He is amused.)* There should be more censorship. When you're building a beautiful garden, you have to keep the pigs

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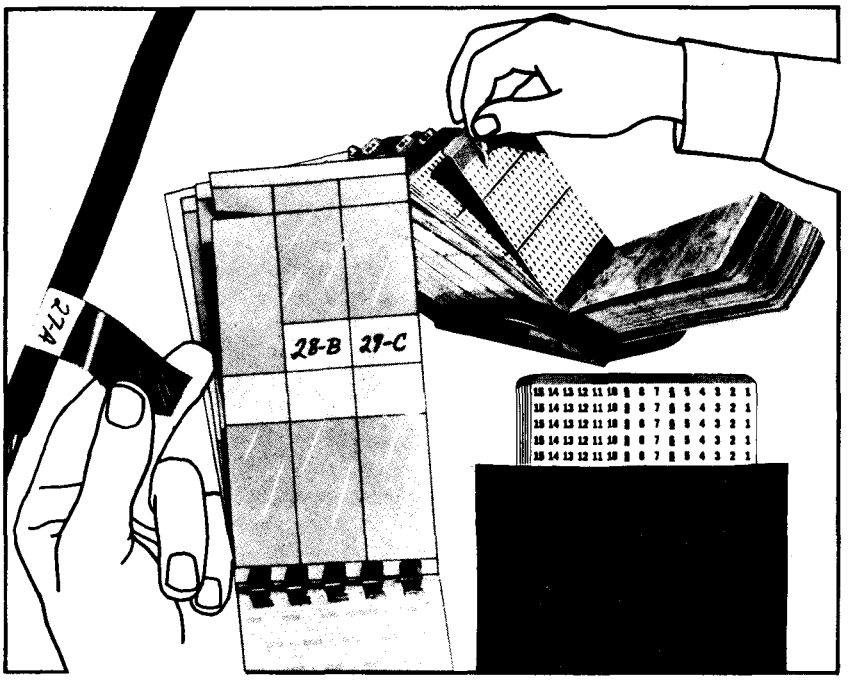

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out. You, Comrade, will have to look at yourself in the mirror as a Marxist.

Yuri: I think—and the majority thinks—that the new draft constitution will be adopted.

Me *(Blowing cover.)*: You've been very frank, Mr. Antipov. Even lighthearted. Since your words will be published in a national magazine, is there anything you'd like off the record?

Yuri: You are a Communist?

Me: No, conservative. I write for NATIONAL REVIEW. *(Some astonishment. Mostly craning to see what "a real fascist looks like.")* I mean, I'd hate to get you in trouble back home.

Yuri: I don't worry.

And afterward I say goodbye. Yuri is cordial. He just doesn't "understand your Mr. Buggly—always talking to make war."

Me: Oh, sure you do. We understand each other. Some day you and I, or my child and your child, will meet at knife point.

Yuri: Yes. Perhaps.

Me: Yup. And the way things are going here, you'll probably kill me. But these *(I point at the New York Communists around us)*, these you'll just execute.

And Yuri laughs. I have given him pleasure: it's a real smile. We do understand each other. There is a kind of love between firm enemies. A love that ally and ally haven't trust enough to know. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WOLF BY THE EARS: *Thomas Jefferson and Slavery, by John Chester Miller (Free Press, 319 pp., $12.95).* The ambivalence toward slavery and Negroes manifested by our most versatile President receives yet another scholarly examination—this time a graceful, straightforward one. On the major questions Professor Miller offers little that is new, though his felicity of expression and the precision of his writing are welcome. On a relatively minor subject that has become something of a *scandale* in historical circles, the author—inspired by a passion to rescue his Jefferson from what he sees as a base falsehood—is adamant, and almost totally convincing. That subject, of course, is Jefferson's relationship with his octoroon slave, Sally Hemings, the "African Venus." An unscrupulous enemy of Jefferson's, James Callender, spread the story that Hemings was mistress to the sage of Monticello

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and mother of several of his children; the tale was carried through Federalist circles but never took hold among the Republicans, and, until Fawn Brodie gave it persuasive support in her 1974 biography, it was generally assumed to be false. Miller takes Callender and Brodie apart and, at least for the time being, vindicates Jefferson's reputation. The more important problem concerns the seeming inconsistency between Jefferson's strong anti-slavery views and his tepid anti-slavery actions, coupled with his oft-expressed repugnance for the Negro. Miller believes Jefferson subordinated his views on slavery to more pressing political considerations, muddying them with fey notions such as "diffusion" —the idea that if slavery were spread throughout the territories it would weaken and ultimately die—and compromising them when the financial distress of his later years necessitated the retention of slave labor to save his home. Most of the significant phases of Jefferson's career are smoothly related to the slavery issue in a book that is now the latest, if not the most thorough, account.

DAVID BRUDNOY

DREAMLAND, *by George V. Higgins (Atlantic Monthly, 181 pp., $8.95).* As an enthusiastic admirer of George Higgins' first three novels I was especially let down by his current offering, *Dreamland.* The dustjacket summary suggested Higgins was invading Marquand turf, equipped with the label-loving snobbism of John O'Hara. Had the insinuation proved true it would have made for a better evening's entertainment than *Dreamland* provided this reader. The plot is so baffling as to defy classification. The narrator, Dan Wills, a mannered Bostonian prig, is passive and humorless, never gaining the dimension and authority of, say, John Cooper, the Harvard/Boston-cluttered narrator of *The Wind-Chill Factor,* Thomas Gifford's superb suspense novel. As an expository aide, Wills has his surly possible half-brother, but very little of interest occurs until Higgins allows us a few flashes of dialogue some fifty pages from the end. A writer as accomplished and provocative as Higgins has elsewhere shown himself to be can be forgiven an occasional lapse. But let us hope this fine novelist will abandon *Dreamland*'s Duxbury Harvardians in favor of the Roxbury riff-raff whom he elsewhere portrays so richly and so well.

E. HOWARD HUNT

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: *Adolf Hitler, by Robert G. L. Waite (Basic, 482 pp., $13.50).* Professor Waite set out to write an unusual sort of psycho-history of *der Führer,* and to a large extent he has succeeded. Unlike such predecessors in the field as Freud or Erikson, Waite has a solid background in traditional historical scholarship, and he puts it to good use in this study. Large chunks of quite excellent historical narrative separate the on-the-couch sections of the book, in recognition of the fact (usually overlooked by writers who have experimented with the *genre*) that psycho-history without history is a form of monocausism as unseeing as, say, antisemitism. Even with such a balance, however, the insights offered into Hitler's psyche—while not entirely dismissible—betray the circular reasoning and less-than-rigorous standards of proof to which psycho-historians must often resort. The result is a work in which very respectable biographical and historical narration is admixed with less than convincing psychological explanations—e.g., in the discussion of such critical questions as Hitler's actions at Dunkirk, his decision to invade the Soviet Union, and his call for war with the United States. The evident difficulty of analyzing a man's conscious words and deeds merely points up the hubris of the attempt to delve into something as hidden and tangled as a stranger's subconscious.

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GOVERNMENT AND THE MIND

BY JOSEPH TUSSMAN

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JAMES] BURNHAM

The War We Are In: Chapter [Ten]

As Westerners we must . . . affirm that we decline to choose or accept the Russian or Chinese or Cuban or any other form or variety of Communism; that we choose an alternative that is not Communism even if the sole actual alternative is death. So long as we are willing to include death among possible alternatives, we shall always be free to choose.

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gered. If the Helms substitute is adopted, we will have an amendment identical to last year's—the original Hyde amendment. I join six others in co-sponsoring it.

Birch Bayh opposes the Helms amendment. He is chairman of the subcommittee on the Constitution, which has jurisdiction over the proposed human life amendments, and he has probably taken more criticism than any other senator for his "I'm personally opposed, but . . ." stand on abortion. He will be the only Democrat to take an active role in the debate. There will be 12 active Republicans.

The yeas and nays are ordered and Helms's substitute fails by a 33 to 65 vote.

Senator Packwood has received unanimous consent to address the Senate for one half hour before the vote on his amendment. Ed Brooke asks for time for the opposition and Packwood replies that no time has been allotted. Brooke appeals to his sense of fairness and he relents. Richard Schweiker takes the time allotted to the opposition. He opposes the amendment because it would establish "as the policy of this government that federal funds could be used for abortions, no questions asked." Packwood follows Schweiker because, as he says, "I would rather close." He is showing his legal background, and now that it is time for his summation he leaves his desk to stride back and forth in the well of the Senate chamber as he addresses this hundred-man jury. He is an able advocate but, in the mind of this juror, he defends a pitiful cause.

The jury finds 42 to 56 against the Packwood amendment.

Senator Brooke huddles with two staff members, then sends a handwritten amendment to the desk. Brooke's amendment will allow federal funds for abortions if "the life of the mother would be endangered . . . , or where medically necessary, or for the treatment of rape or incest victims." On the back row of the chamber, where I sit, the "medically necessary" exception quickly becomes known as the "exception you can drive a truck through."

I am astonished as Senator Brooke explains to Carl Curtis that "medically necessary [means] to save the life of the mother or to see that the fetus would not be endangered." We have come to this: we will kill babies to avoid endangering them! The statement is so frank that it is possibly a slip of the tongue, but it contains the singular truth of the Brooke amendment and the necessary conclusion of the pro-abortion logic.

Senator Domenici offers a perfecting amendment to the pending Brooke amendment. The amendment would remove the "medically necessary" exception, but maintain the exceptions for life of the mother, rape, and incest. The amendment is tabled by a 59 to 36 vote.

Senator Schweiker moves to table the Brooke amendment but the motion fails, 37 to 58. The Brooke amendment is then agreed to, 56 to 39, and the Senate abortion fight is over until we take up the conference report. There may be another fray; the House has prohibited federal funding for *any* abortion.

It is nearly 8:00 P.M. and Senator Cranston calls up his amendment to increase the appropriation for ACTION. We may be in for a couple of hours more . . . □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Berger's Big Book

On The Right

New York, Oct. 22—Those Americans unaware of recent developments in New York City may not have heard that the new practice for public school teachers is to separate them by race and then assign them in proportion to their numbers, where possible, to classes in which a different race predominates.

At one level the exercise is ludicrous, at another, something worse. Senator Patrick Moynihan, inveighing against it, invoked the terminology of Nuremberg, for which columnist Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* accused him of linguistic overkill. Mr. Lewis reminded Mr. Moynihan of the disabilities imposed on the American Negro over the ages, a datum Professor Moynihan is probably in no need of instruction upon; and sought to clinch his point by saying: Who would resent it if the South African state were to make a conscious effort to increase the number of black students and teachers?

How greatly they all miss the point, in this case that any official favoritism shown to blacks in South Africa is a form of compensation for state policies that discriminate against black people. America's official policy is to be a raceless state, and such a state does not use the engines of government for the purpose of racial procrusteanization.

But it is a pity that Senator Moynihan did not devote more time to the constitutional point. Because coming in at us, and due to explode in a couple of weeks, is the most devastating book on the abuse of power by the Supreme Court written in our time. Moreover, it is the work of a liberal, Jewish professor of law at Harvard University whose two preceding books—one of them on executive privilege, the other on impeachment—unquestionably cleared the legal air for the fateful decision of the Supreme Court in ruling that certain of Mr. Nixon's tapes could legally be subpoenaed, and endowed Congress with a sound historical basis for pursuing the case for impeachment.

In *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the 14th Amendment*, Professor Raoul Berger documents the awful usurpations of the activist courts done in the name of the 14th Amendment. On a recent occasion Professor Berger commented that when a President of the United States, after conferring with the Black Caucus of the Congress, calls in an Attorney General and dictates to him the line he should take on a pending constitutional question, as President Carter has done in the case of Bakke, we cannot be said to be living under the rule of law.

The book, coming in under such august auspices, is bound to embarrass those who have simply accepted the Supreme Court as the agent of their social concerns. In fact, the 14th Amendment was unrelated to questions of suffrage and unrelated to such questions of racial discrimination as have lately occupied the Court.

Now Professor Berger, who believes ardently in racial equality, makes the point that his advocacy of this or the other social or political program does not entitle him to interpret the 14th Amendment as a mandate for a policy that did not issue under that Amendment's auspices. There is a difference between saying, "Any right granted to a white man must equally be granted to a black man," and saying, "Here is a right not previously granted except here and there by state legislatures. Henceforward, we shall universalize it."

Professor Berger warns those who think the short-cut to racial equality is by making their own paper doll out of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution that the strategic security of the people's liberties is at stake. Madison warned, "If the sense in which the Constitution was accepted and ratified by the nation . . . be not the guide in expounding it, there can be no security for a consistent and stable government, more than for a faithful exercise of its powers." And Jefferson, that "Our peculiar security is in the possession of a written constitution. Let us not make it a blank paper by construction." "When Chief Justice Warren asserted that 'we cannot turn back the clock to 1868,'" Berger warns, "he in fact rejected the Framers' intentions as irrelevant."

After reading *Government by Judiciary*, go back and re-read his book on impeachment, as freshly relevant. □

ON SOURCES OF ENERGY

New York, Oct. 18—President Carter is at his most unattractive in the censorious mood. At his last press conference, talking about the oil and gas industry, he sounded like Cotton Mather speaking to the pagans and telling them about the terrible tortures that awaited them in eternity should they fail to accept the Word. The Word, in this case, is that the oil and gas people should sell their reserves for less than it takes to replace them. Otherwise, Mr. Carter accuses them of a "rip-off." He compared the industrialists to "war profiteers." There is an awful temptation to iterate what must have been on the minds of some of those Indians listening to old Mather. "You full-um White Man's dung."

1. The oil and gas industry is presumably a growing concern. That is, it is expected not only to sell the oil and gas reserves that it has discovered, but to replace those reserves. First, by finding more oil and gas; second, by finding substitutes for oil and gas. Now for many years it was assumed by everyone—businessmen and politicians—that oil and gas would continue to be plentiful because of the bounty of discoveries on the Persian Gulf. Some thought was specifically given to the possibility of cartelizing the supply, but it was mostly dismissed as impractical. In November 1973 the world discovered that it was not in the least impractical. As recently commented on in this space, we are still waiting to hear from our policy-makers how to stand in the way of the real profiteers of the cartel: the oligopolists who sit on great oceans of oil and spoon out the stuff they bring out of the ground for 18 cents a barrel at $12 a barrel.

The United States producers need to

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scoop down to find energy reserves deep in the ground, imbedded in shale, or trapped in lacunae in faraway places like the North Slope or central Australia. They need to guard against the new passion of foreign governments to take over U.S. productive investments by reimbursing them the cost of the raw materials (the government of Venezuela's approach to nationalization was on the order of seizing a Stradivarius and reimbursing the owner the cost of the wood and varnish).

If President Carter is saying that our oil companies have been in a position to fix the price of oil, then one wonders why they didn't do it before? A quick look at the returns of major businesses in the United States during the past ten years shows that the oil business returned to its investors an average of 13.4 per cent (before taxes) during the years 1965-74: less than the return on drugs, cosmetics, instruments, office equipment, tobacco, publishing, automobiles, and lumber. The industry knows that it will be held responsible for coming up with fresh sources of energy. Mr. Carter's obstinate refusal to encourage the development of energy through the use of breeder reactors closes off the cheapest alternative source of energy. This cranky ideological objection of his he manages to ignore in berating the oil and gas industry.

2. When one mounts the lectern in order to catechize one should feel morally secure. The biggest rip-off of the season is Mr. Carter's political tribute to the shipping unions, which, it is variously estimated, is going to cost us something on the order of $4 to $6 billion. That is pure payoff. Mr. Carter is paying off relatively small unions by pushing a law that would require that a mounting percentage of all the oil brought to the United States from foreign countries travel in American-built bottoms. The increased cost of that oil will of course be borne by the consumer, who is paying off one of Mr. Carter's political obligations. The difference between a rip-off and economic statesmanship is the difference between the oil and gas companies' looking to the future supply of energy, and the President of the United States' looking to the future supply of votes. And oh yes, at the same press conference President Carter announced that he would revive his interest in the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill, which is intellectually as dead as the ham and eggs scheme of the Thirties. Until Mr. Carter was rudely reminded that he owed more to organized labor.

3. A new book on the Carter Administration reveals that early in his Presidency, at a Cabinet meeting discussing the energy crisis, Carter talked about new energy sources and said that, in India, half the supply of energy comes from wood and dung. Jody Powell commented, "The District of Columbia alone could provide half the dung we need. I can just see a pipeline leading out of the press briefing room." Awright. □

SAVING NEW JERSEY

New York, Oct. 24—There aren't many political contests in this off-year that are attracting national attention, which may be one reason why the governorship of New Jersey is relatively conspicuous. That and the rather unusual character of the incumbent, Mr. Brendan Byrne, who has emerged as one of the sleepiest public officials in a state so exhausted by the production of Woodrow Wilson that it seems to have spent an entire generation's political genes.

Brendan Byrne is something of a caricature of an executive. His gubernatorial career is like a slow-moving fog bank of confusion. There was, to begin with, his famous statement when he ran for office in 1973 that he saw no need for a state income tax "in the foreseeable future." Six months later, he advocated a state income tax. That would suggest, at least, something less than clairvoyance.

But when the time came round for coming up with an income tax, the state was catapulted into confusion. There were those who wanted a graduated tax, others who wanted a proportional tax, still others who wanted no tax at all. Governor Byrne appears to have taken all these positions more or less simultaneously. Nothing much happened until the judiciary stepped in. It is of course becoming something of an American tradition for the judiciary to decide questions the legislature funks. It won't be long before decisions on the Panama Canal and the B-1 bomber are made by Chief Justice Burger.

Anyway, the judiciary ordered the schools of New Jersey closed down on the grounds that they were inequitably financed, because New Jersey was not putting up enough money to supplement county and local financing. Negotiations with the court arrived at the magical figure of 40 per cent. If New Jersey would put up 40 per cent of the cost of running a given school the schools could open their doors. Grudgingly, the legislature voted a proportional tax, but also voted it a short life-term, due to expire next summer; and the question is, What kind of executive leadership will be available then to see New Jersey through the mess?

By this time, even New Jersey Democrats were manifestly embarrassed by their governor. State Senator Fay commented, "Did you ever get the feeling that organized crime is the only organized thing in the state?" And Dr. Paul Jordan was quoted by the *Trenton Times* as saying, flatly, "Brendan Byrne is dead. Even Yasir Arafat could beat him in New Jersey right now."

So what did Governor Byrne do? He went to David Garth. David Garth is the nation's premier plastic surgeon. He did the job on John Lindsay, John Tunney, Edward Koch: and now he is working feverishly on Brendan Byrne.

THIS IS DONE at no little inconvenience to Governor Byrne, who may have to give up his chopper. You see, the Governor, like most mortals, enjoys perquisites. One of the perks of his office is a helicopter, and he just loves that helicopter, I mean, he would take his helicopter to the corner drugstore, if there was a launching pad at the corner drugstore. And there isn't any way David Garth can get his man Byrne to speak about some of the big issues of the state very convincingly. It is a fact that there has been greater unemployment in New Jersey than anywhere in the nation. It is a fact that under Governor Byrne spending has increased a billion dollars, or one-third. It is a fact that three-quarters of the brightest boys and girls in New Jersey leave the state to go to college. It is a fact that crime is soaring. What does even a David Garth do when confronted with the statement, made by candidate Byrne four years ago, "I will commit the resources of my administration to reducing crime, particularly street crime, [and I] will be judged by the success or failure of the effort"—followed by a 50 per cent increase in violent crime after four years of Governor Byrne?

The Republicans have put up a solid citizen, an experienced legislator, three times elected by his peers as president of the state senate, and it appears that Ray Bateman will win. But don't forget Garth. Garth could probably make Arafat win. If the voters in New Jersey will simply concentrate, and say to themselves as reverentially as though they were reciting their beads: "Garth made Lindsay what he was; Lindsay made New York City what it is"—New Jersey may yet be spared. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Andrew Jackson demanded to be treated as + headgear + article = Indian — 90 57 133 127 1 121 76 162

B. A confused male involved with an attractive straightforward female = a league — 103 15 138 152 48 71 130 24

C. Ancient Rome's last king — 109 144 139 187 14 58 77

D. Headquarters of the Mayo Brothers — 70 157 59 110 191 183 195 160 168

E. Examined closely and inquired systematically — 116 38 26 36 106 154 120 149 161 52 165 175

F. An Indian tribe — 136 140 176 82 190 192 129

G. Rail (verb) — 147 17 49 25 73 86 100

H. One who tries to transform something common into something precious — 151 2 143 164 27 68 84 142 18

I. An organization, a building, a group, a service, a senator — 29 53 6 12 40 56

J. The Bird of Time has but a little way/ To flutter—and the Bird is ___ — 155 108 3 180 50 19 123 74 179

K. Sweet potatoes — 174 69 182 166

L. He viewed an apple's fall with gravity — 178 60 122 87 30 51

M. Where Northwestern University is located — 184 104 134 31 146 124 169 85

N. Not sharpened — 188 96 4 158 114 62 78

O. Suggestive of flashy vulgarity — 28 37 98 186 33 45 72

P. Like a white or yellow field flower — 47 5 64 171 148 10

Q. Momentous — 54 32 65 159 99 197 21 117

R. Item used by tailors — 63 8 177 153 170 118 89

S. A type of tournament — 107 167 66 34

T. A residence for domestic pigeons — 163 196 131 101 35 200 92 105

U. Restrain — 194 67 125 42 172 181 93

V. An advertisement for a performance — 112 150 199 79 193 189 173 185

W. Withdrew from military occupation of — 128 43 11 55 145 80 135 94 201

X. Part of the day — 156 44 13 88 81

Y. A contrivance — 198 113 23 75 132 46

Z. Coolidge's alma mater — 39 9 137 141 95 119 126

a. A former German duchy — 7 20 41 83 91

b. Jostled — 16 22 61 97 102 111 115

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1318 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 A	2 H	3 J	4 N	5 P	6 I	7 a	8 P		9 Z	10 P		11 W	12 I	13 X	14 C	15 B	16 b
17 G	18 H		19 J	20 a	21 Q	22 b	23 Y		24 B	25 G	26 E	27 H	28 O		29 I	30 L	31 M	32 Q
33 O	34 S	35 T	36 E		37 O	38 E		39 Z	40 I	41 a	42 U	43 W	44 X	45 O	46 Y		47 P	48 B
49 G	50 J	51 L		52 E	53 I	54 Q		55 W	56 I	57 A	58 C	59 D	60 L		61 b	62 N	63 R	64 P
65 Q	66 S	67 U		68 H	69 K	70 D	71 B	72 O	73 G	74 J	75 Y		76 A	77 C	78 N		79 V	80 W
81 X	82 F	83 a	84 H	85 M	86 G		87 L	88 X	89 R		90 A	91 a	92 T	93 U	94 W	95 Z	96 N	
97 b	98 O		99 Q	100G	101T		102b	103B	104M	105T	106E		107S	108J		109C	110D	111b
	112V	113Y	114N	115b		116E	117Q	118R		119Z	120E	121A		122L	123J	124M	125U	
126Z	127A	128W		129F	130B	131T	132Y		133A	134M	135W	136F	137Z	138B	139C		140F	141Z
142H		143H	144C	145W	146M	147G	148P	149E		150V	151H	152B	153R		154E	155J		156X
157D		158N	159Q	160D		161E	162A	163T		164H	165E	166K		167S	168D	169M	170R	171P
172U	173V	174K		175E	176F	177R	178L	179J		180J	181U	182K	183D	184M	185V	186O		187C
188N	189V	190F	191D		192F		193V	194U	195D		196T	197Q		198Y	199V	200T	201W	

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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

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MILLIKEN

TEXTILE LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH
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Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	12	0.8
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest . . . Carlton Box:
1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Carlton *brings you* the lighter 100.

Only 5 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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